Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

VOLUME 239 MARCH, 1935 NUMBER 3

Apéritif

A Worth-While Pogrom

EXCITED by the heroic example of Adolph Hitler, some Americans would like to start a pogrom of their own. There are, of course, a good many more Jews in the United States than in Germany, and with the desire to find a scapegoat growing as depression continues, they stand out as an easy target, despite our tradition of liberty and tolerance.

Although the Jews themselves seem to be worried by this tendency, average Americans do not believe that it can ever amount to anything substantial. At any rate, there is no intention here of arguing the merits of the case: what is intended, on the contrary, is to suggest the possibility of another pogrom, directed at a different religion—one which is said to have nine times as many adherents over the world as Jewry. These are known as Animists, and though the *World Almanac* estimates that the whole of North America contains only 50,000 of them, it is probable that the figure is far too low because the calculators used too strict a definition. By allowing for recent developments the number could easily be expanded to satisfyingly bloody proportions.

According to the *Encyclopedia*, Animism may be simply the "doctrine of spiritual beings, including human souls," or the "doctrine that a great part, if not the whole, of the inanimate kingdom, as well as all animated beings, are endowed with reason, intelligence and volition, identical with that of man." Primitive races were apt to attribute the same intelligence and spiritual life to animals or trees or stones as they themselves enjoyed; sometimes they even ascribed more of these qualities to non-humans than humans, but there is no use in quibbling over the amount. If the 50,000 Animists whom the *Almanac* places in North America were all Indians believing that sticks and stones had occult powers and human beings should preserve a discreet humility in a world thus better endowed spiritually than we commonly think it, there would be little sense in suggesting measures against them. Humility is a virtue rare enough as it is. But it seems to be more than possible that a new sort of Animist has risen, and not among the Red Men. Also, it seems to be more than possible that these new Animists

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far outnumber the Red Men and are reproducing at such a rate that the pogrom must either come soon or destroy the majority of our people.

The New Animist does not as a rule indulge in incantations before a totem pole, nor does he consider, as do the natives of the island of Nias, that his own spiritual life is carried on by no less than four separate and distinct souls. But he does invest institutions with superhuman power and use words in as necromantic a manner as any sorcerer. The political governments which his forefathers set up as a necessary evil to function as little and efficiently as possible he now thinks of as having almost divine capabilities. Business organizations, on the other hand, which were never set up for any reason but to make a profit, he believes possess a number of benign souls representing the principles of Service and Idealism and many other worthy things. To these he offers New Animist prayers and incantations in the form of slogans. But the slogans, as is common in such cases, seem to have a good deal more effect on the devotee than on the spirit to whom they are offered.

The tariff, perhaps, is worth considering as an example of New Animist psychology. Set up to "protect infant industry," it did its job well and infant industry grew up to a lusty maturity. By then, however, the tariff had been invested with one soul called the Full Dinner Pail and another called Monopolistic Profits. To the first New Animists shouted praise in public like Holy Rollers. And to the second there was fully as enthusiastic obeisance in private, which sometimes was known by the technical name of Log-Rolling. All of this was very colorful and a great deal of fun for the New Animists, but it confused the issue. At this moment our industry has advanced as far from infancy as any in the world, presumably, but the tariff—if not its two souls named above—has achieved immortality. An interesting speculation could be made on its place in the world after industry passed on through its currently protected senility into the Great Beyond. But, being invested with immortality, it can not of course be discussed as an economic instrument, beneficial or harmful, as the case might be, under specific circumstances.

In the political field instances of the New Animism are peculiarly frequent and odious. President Roosevelt started his term with the announcement that experiments in government were necessary and that he intended to try them, scrapping those which proved unsuccessful as soon as their failure was noted. His most famous experiment, of course, has been the NRA, and the opinion is now almost universal that it is a conspicuous failure, yet there is no indication that Mr. Roosevelt intends to scrap it. The reason, some say, can be found in one of the NRA's immortal souls, an immortal soul which is common to all political undertakings: namely, Reëlection to Office. Scrapping the NRA would also mean scrapping the employment of a couple of thousand place-holders, and place-holders are remarkably influential at election time, on one side of the ballot or the other, depending on whether their employment is scrapped or not.

The chief fault of New Animism, it can be seen, is that it tends to perpetuate institutions without regard for their utility. By setting up a belief that they possess immortal souls of no particular relevance to their practical uses, and intelligence quite apart from the intelli-

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gence of those who run them, New Animism invests the institutions themselves with immortality and thereby interferes with change and progress. The fault is as apparent in economic and financial spheres as in the political. Because security of capital is the ultimate aim in investment and because land has always seemed to men the enduring symbol of security, mortgages came to have a special sanctity for investors. The New Animists made deep obeisance before this idol and produced mortgage bonds, the saga of which needs no repetition here. Because railroads once gained a similar animistic reverence the government for four or five years now has been pouring taxpayers' money into their depleting coffers as fast as the investors' ran out, though there seems to be no reason for believing that economic changes will ever again permit them to have the privileged position in our economic system that they once held.

The simple and platitudinous point to be made is that in any realistic view under a profit and loss system nothing can be a safe investment for long. But the New Animists are forever finding something that looks safe for a while and investing it with superhuman intelligence and an immortal soul. As a natural corollary, they resist with all the might of their slogan-incantations any change that seems to threaten the afterlife of their security-symbols. It is a common belief that many startling and progressive inventions are withheld from use solely because vested interests have employed their wealth to prevent their products from being superseded by better ones. Yet the supersession finally happens in one way or another and it is always with surprise and reproach that the New Animists discover their economic idols crumbling without a trace of immortal soul to be found anywhere about them.

If man is to be the supreme accomplishment of his environment it is a good idea to endow him with an immortal soul, for the realization of possessing such a soul furnishes him with courage to surmount difficulties. But if he is ever to establish control over that environment he must stop believing that its nonhuman constituents have immortal souls too, for these would always be too much for him.

It remains to identify the New Animists a little more closely for pogrom purposes. The Jews are a proud race and it has always been easy to find them when blood seemed to be needed, but the situation is different with New Animists. They also have pride, but it is more often a mistaken one. They like to think of themselves as the bulwark of the nation, the defenders of its traditions, the front fighters for progress and prosperity. It might not even be hard to find them among the anti-Semites. No doubt a group of monetary theorists would yield a fair-sized crop for the firing squad, since most people who evolve rigid systems for the solution of complicated problems endow the systems with supernatural qualities. Similarly, EPICs and Townsend Plans and share-the-wealth movements and many other patent social remedies should furnish their quota of victims.

In fact, probably the greatest difficulty of a New Animist pogrom would be to know when to stop before depopulating the nation. But if a few thousand New Animists were chosen from various walks of life and were dispatched with suitable brutality to join the curious array of departed spirits which they presently worship, it might prove a sufficient example to convert the millions of their

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brethren. The conversion, of course, would be to a realistic attitude toward their environment, and since that seems to be the only remaining hope of civilization, such a pogrom deserves support.

Norris vs. Farley

Senator Norris has introduced a bill intended to take the Postoffice Department out of politics, and particularly to stop the Postmaster General from being chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Under its provisions the Postmaster General would be appointed by the President for a ten-year term, subject to the Senate's approval. Local postmasters would be appointed by the Postmaster General, not by the President as the case is now. And none of these officials would be allowed to take part in any political campaign.

This is naturally aimed at poor Mr. Farley, whose multifarious activities have drawn down on his benign bald pate the wrath of many political purists and other good people. But while Senator Norris's motives are of the best, without a doubt, and while his bill might have at least the effect of placing a more reasonable limit on the number of new postage stamp issues and thus save honest philatelists from apoplexy, there is possibly room for doubt of its complete wisdom.

It would be a financial gain for the Federal Government to have a Postoffice Department which, like England's, was run efficiently as a business institution. This is one of the purposes of the Norris bill. But it has become a tradition of the United States to have the political manager of the party in power a member of the cabinet, and it is debatable whether the money which might be saved by the Postoffice Department under a business régime would be worth while if it necessitated placing Farleys in the State Department or the Treasury or the Interior. In almost any other cabinet post the possibilities for harm are probably greater than in the Postoffice, which, after all, can hardly receive much attention from its head, considering his other duties.

Mr. Farley, as Secretary of State, would not lack in suavity, but it is reasonable to doubt his equipment for the higher politics of international relations. In the Treasury his favors would be appreciated no doubt, but his appointment might really start the grass growing in Wall Street. And so on down the line. In comparison with the vision of Mr. Farley in any of these other posts, it is a downright pleasure to think of him as Postmaster General, and Senator Norris might do better to let bad enough alone.

Keeping up with Government

The Federal Housing Administration is a very busy organization, as any one knows who reads the newspapers. Mr. Moffett races around the country like a whirlwind, persuading people to build or repair houses as a measure to restore prosperity to the construction industry and thereby reduce the unemployment problem. He also spends a good part of his time in explaining the National Housing Act, under which his organization functions, and which was designed to give all reasonable encouragement to prospective builders.

Because the FHA is such a busy organization it is only natural that its press releases should be numerous and full of words. They have, in fact, been so numerous and full of words that this department fell into the slovenly habit

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of dropping them into a wastebasket without reading after a gross or two had accumulated. However, during a lull the other day a batch of these releases popped out from a pile of neglected matter and was opened out of tardy curiosity. In a speech by Mr. Moffett the words, "Read and study our bulletins and circulars," leaped from the page and shamed our dormant patriotism. Here, after all, was a tremendous, public-spirited undertaking, dedicated to the well-being of the nation, and we had been too lazy to follow its activities. Something should be done, and at once.

Releases numbered 189, 190, 192, 194, 195, 196 and 197 were included in the batch. Scores that had gone before were forever lost, but these at least we could read and study. Number 189, a speech by a Mr. C., drew first attention, and an able performance it was. Many of its points were well worth repetition and discussion, and we marked them so, mentally constructing half a dozen stimulating paragraphs concerning them for this department. Then, turning to Release Number 195, we learned that unforeseen circumstances had arisen and that the speech in Release Number 189 would never be delivered, which was a severe disappointment.

Next we turned to an address of Mr. Moffett's, Number 190, which, though more generalized and diplomatic, as a very high authority's should be, was also interesting and instructive, and fully deserved a few meaty paragraphs in this department. But Release Number 197 postponed the date of the address and requested editors to guard against comment before the later date. The later date was to be before publication of this issue of the magazine, but a strict construction of the "guard" warning still prevented us from commenting on Mr. Moffett's material.

At this point our patriotism became dormant again and Releases 192, 194 and 196 landed without ceremony in the wastebasket. The FHA is a very busy organization and noble in motive, but our patriotism can not keep up with its publicity department quite so unflaggingly as the mimeographers—bless *their* busy souls.

A Small Point

There was one point in the Hauptmann trial which must have disturbed all workers in the editorial trade who were able to note it in the crush of words which have come out of Flemington, New Jersey. This was the prosecution's reliance on a recurrent "ihgt" spelling to link the defendant with the ransom notes. When a compositor, proof-reader or manuscript worker saw the possible threat to life and limb of a simple transposition, which could happen many times in the course of his daily work, it necessarily added to the neurotic fears and wild complexes already a normal part of his job. With emotional instability at its present dangerous condition in the craft, it seems too bad that this new urge toward the booby-hatch had to be added.

W. A. D.

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Anything or Nothing

By P. W. Wilson

Who has discovered our real national game, as it appears in any guise from a variable dollar to a Townsend Plan

A stranger from Europe who finds himself in the Land of the Free must expect that it will take him a year or two to become acclimatized. It is only after a kind of apprenticeship to the unusual that his faculty for astonishment is seasoned to transatlantic sensations and that he ceases to be surprised.

What impresses the spectator on the sidelines is that a popular game in this country is Anything or Nothing. It might almost be compared with football where there are long and solemn séances, known as huddles, during which even the slow-moving camera can detect no signs of life, followed by spasmodic endeavors to make up for lost time in which the climax of the play is a forward pass when the ball flies through the air with the greatest of ease, and everybody enjoys a thrill. Who gets the ball—whether the pass is "completed" or "intercepted" or merely an occasion for plastic surgery—these are questions that only arise later.

Many illustrations of this "play" might be given—some of them too delicate, almost, for discussion. For instance, there is the development of western civilization which is known among the polite as the cocktail hour.

Every student of sociology knows that the benefits of liquor are also a problem. It is thus usual in most countries to regulate the liquor traffic and regulation is a patient, a thankless proceeding. For centuries, Great Britain has been trying to perfect and maintain some kind of regulation.

The United States therefore has saved herself from complications by declaring for all or none. First, there was Prohibition of alcoholic beverages. Now there seems to be a kind of Prohibition in some homes of beverages that are not alcoholic. The cocktail which used to be illegal, is treated as compulsory, and a guest is made uncomfortable who still marches in step with Bishop Cannon and Bernard Shaw in the Blue Riband Army. In cafeterias, consecrated hitherto to coffee, including the *Cafés des Enfants*, as the French call them, there are bars set up, without any restriction apparently as to hours of sale; and it is even said that high heels are entangled in the brass rail.

It is one thing to say that, in a democracy, every citizen should be fairly represented and that class-distinctions be abolished. But are we quite sure that

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mass-demands may not also be an embarrassment to society?

One of the most amusing mysteries solved by Sherlock Holmes was known as the Red-Headed League. It was an association—a bogus association—of people with red hair. Suppose that some bright benefactor of society were to start a Red-Headed League in reality and were to insist that all of its qualified members were entitled to a bonus of $2,000 apiece, due in 1944 but payable here and now on demand, together with a pension at sixty years of fifty dollars a week—what would be the result? Brunettes would be obliterated and even blondes would be radiant with what the hymn describes as "the roseate hues of early dawn." Also, there would be the bills to pay.

A Red-Headed League is doubtless preposterous but why not organize a Red-Handed Lobby? If veterans win their bonus, why should not teachers come along and demand, not only salaries—which would be an unusual concession—but a commencement premium on every student graduating? Why should not doctors collect death benefits from the Treasury, and clergymen a funeral allowance from some alphabetical source of currency interested in reducing the number of the unemployed?

The most popular of these predatory piracies on the public purse would be an Empty-Headed League which all of us would be eligible to join. Such a League makes a more intimate appeal to the individual where the stomach also is empty, where the mind is worried over the future and where savings in the teapot have been exhausted. People thus impoverished are grateful for any kind of sustenance, even if it be no more than a diet of hot air. All that such a League needs is a Plan.

II

When first I heard of the Townsend Plan I was so stupid as to be little interested. Dr. F. E. Townsend, it seemed, had his residence at Long Beach, California and Long Beach is a long way off. California, so I had been given to understand, was the paradise of sunshine, not statistics; and what with the Mooney case, Luther Burbank's spineless cactus, matrimonial complications at Hollywood, the EPIC of Upton Sinclair, picture brides from Japan and other earthquakes around San Francisco, I had neither time nor energy to fathom any more of these abstruse mysteries emanating from the Pacific seaboard.

I was thus annoyed when, despite myself, the Townsend Plan aroused a certain curiosity. I had been informed positively that the United States, having rebelled against King George III, is a country where the dollar is almighty. People of all persuasions would so far demean themselves as to run after dollars as if they really wanted to put them in their pockets. Yet somehow or other, this rugged individualism did not enter into the latest gospel from God's own country.

Whatever else might be apparent in the Townsend Plan, it certainly suggested not only that the dollar is almighty but that it might be ubiquitous. Dollars would be on millions of doorsteps—cash on delivery by the postman. Yet how was the largesse received? I was amazed by the indifference of the nation to the allurements of filthy lucre.

There are the usual petitions in favor of the Plan. Yet I was told that only 25,000,000—this out of a total population of 130,000,000—had signed on the dotted line. There are rumors of illiter-

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acy and everybody having the mentality of a boy of fourteen. But surely with all the schools and colleges working overtime on vocational emoluments, people should have been able at least to make some kind of a fingerprint in return for a prospect of fifty dollars a week when the time comes.

Then it occurred to me that 25,000,000 signatures—if that is the number—or even 10,000,000 signatures, make a somewhat formidable requisition. These people who sign can also vote, and Carlyle, who was a little capricious in his admiration for democracy, used to discourse upon a "Parliament speaking through reporters to Buncombe and twenty-seven millions, mostly fools." I wondered what Carlyle, with his caustic tongue in an ill-shaven cheek, would have said about Congress and California and all the expectant who happen to be in the fifties, sixties and seventies.

There are people who think that the Townsend Plan is too insidious even for discussion. When, however, I examined it, I discovered that it was just another of those cases where Anything is offered as an alternative to Nothing. For most people in this country there have been no pensions at all. Hence the view of Dr. Townsend that a suitable pension would be $200 a month. The novelty of the Townsend Plan is not its essence. That is old stuff. It is the exaggeration of the essential.

Thirty-five years ago, "Joe" Chamberlain was a Dr. Townsend who promised pensions to the British and the promise helped to win what was called the Khaki Election over the South African War. Twenty-five years ago, Asquith as Dr. Townsend fulfilled what Liberals in their discourteous way held to be Chamberlain's broken pledge. These pensions have been paid ever since and are being paid at this very moment. President Roosevelt as Dr. Townsend proposes that such pensions shall be paid henceforth in the United States. Dr. Townsend is thus merely guilty of plagiarizing his plagiarists.

Dr. Townsend thinks that old age pensions should be spent and not saved. He is quite right. But is it necessary to put that into a statute? Experience has shown that in the rarest instances do old age pensioners lay by money. Why should they? Without any compulsion, we may assume that what the state gives will be used without delay for the usual domestic purposes.

If legal safeguards have to be considered at all, let them be directed against real dangers, and particularly the possibility that recipients may be induced to pledge their pensions to sharks and swindlers preying upon the ignorance and credulity of the aged and infirm. Such a pledge of a pension should be made null and void.

Again, it is quite right that pensions should be spent in the country where they are granted. But why legislate on the point? In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the pensioner would spend his money anyway on Main Street and the adjacent gas-stations. But in the hundredth case, there might be a special reason, let us say, for living with a married son or daughter in Canada. Why deny the old fellow a pension on that account?

The clause debarring the pensioner from remunerative work also seems to be superfluous. In the regular occupations, he would have to be employed at the standard rate of wages and we may take it that, in nine cases out of ten, such regular employment would cease. But

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suppose that a pensioner is given some light job which makes him feel that he is still of some use in the world, is that to be made a crime? Take a super-annuated statesman! Why should he not write his reminiscences? And so with a truck-driver. If he put in a few hours gardening, what harm is there in that?

The Townsend Plan is thus what, in newspapers, is called a back-number—save for one slight typographical error. A pension of $200 a month is proposed when clearly a pension of twenty dollars a month—double the British pension—must have been intended. Nor is the slip of the pen—herewith happened—entirely negligible. Some people are taking the cypher seriously, and may be inclined to ask why it has been so thoughtlessly omitted from President Roosevelt's proposals. Why does not he provide fifty dollars a week? While, therefore, I can not pretend to rival Dr. Townsend as a player with billions on the bagatelle board, I may offer a comment or two on how the policy of Anything or Nothing works out in this particular case.

III

Most of us try to keep young. But here is an argument for old age. It is the strongest argument ever presented to mankind since Cicero wrote his famous essay *De Senectute* which has been such a perennial joy to youth studying Latin. As Rabbi Ben Ezra in his declining years might have written to Dr. Townsend—"perfect I call thy Plan—thanks that I was a man"—particularly a man over sixty—and that I fancy will be the ejaculation of many a Negro in his cabin down South when he and his astonished wife—browsing over their Browning—receive a settled income of approximately $5,000 a year—to be spent at once and to be spent as they like. Even the "poor white trash" will be encouraged to make the best of whatever of life is left to them.

Here and there, we may be invited to a celebration of birthdays, inadvertently overlooked during the decades before this latest of New Deals. When Britain adopted pensions, it was discovered that, in Ireland, the census had been somewhat neglected, especially during the hungry 'Forties when pensioners were born. There was thus an admirable boom in unsuspected longevity, and in the United States, it may be that, among millions of immigrants from a redistributed Europe where wreckage is more evident than records, a similar phenomenon will arise the cost of which would run into many millions.

Anything or Nothing as a philosophy seems to be affecting the minds of the inflationists. The Townsend Plan—so they are told—will cost $19,000,000,000 a year. Hence, these dollars will have to be cheap dollars, and we may expect a glorious rise in prices. It will cost two dollars to have one's hair cut and five dollars for a meal.

The truth is, of course, that the Plan is not an emergency measure to be financed by loan or the issue of currency. The whole cost of the Plan must be raised by taxation of some kind, and this means that taxes or levies that in effect are taxes must be quadrupled. The Plan does not mean that there will be more dollars in circulation or that the dollars will be of less value. It means that some will get dollars which others will have to pay.

All of us agree that there should be a reasonable provision for the aged. But is not this a case where, with fatal fa-

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cility, reason may be subordinated to the philosophy of Anything or Nothing?

The total national income of the United States used to run around eighty billion dollars. During the depression, it fell to a much lower figure and may now be put at about fifty billion. The cost of the Plan would be, therefore, thirty-eight per cent or about two-fifths of the national income as now estimated. It would be an operation unprecedented in sheer magnitude by any economic revolution outside Russia.

If the national income is fifty billions, it follows that the average income in this country per head of population is $400 a year. Hence, a Townsend Pensioner would enjoy six times as much money as the average person receives today. However incomes were adjusted as a result of the Plan, the pensioner would still be several times better off than he and his friends had been during their productive years. To exact such tribute for the aged from the young would be an imposition, nor is it certain that life should be made to consist of a looking forward to a period of leisure so lavishly endowed. If fifty dollars a week can be paid to a retired man of over sixty, whose children probably are grown, more than twenty-five dollars a week should be paid to the wage-earner whose children still have to be supported.

One criticism of the Plan seems to me to be beside the mark. It is suggested that here is another case of trying to obtain prosperity by shortage. Multiply dollars. Remove 8,000,000 people of sixty years of age and over from the ranks of the producers, there will then be more of everything for everybody.

It is true that any scheme of old age pensions at sixty will affect 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 people. But these pensioners will include millions of people —for instance wives—who have not been working and, in many cases, can not any longer work for wages. The number of vacancies created would be much smaller than 8,000,000 and they would be vacancies filled up at once by younger persons at present seeking normal employment. To eliminate the too young and the too old from industry is a sound way of reducing unemployment and if there is anything at all in the theories of the technocrats, production can be expanded at any time to meet the utmost demands of the consumer. As every merchant knows, there is seldom a difficulty in having goods to sell. The difficulty is to find people to buy them.

The Townsend Plan will be regarded by many as moribund. President Roosevelt's programme—so it will be argued—has killed it with kindness. But the philosophy of Anything or Nothing of which it is an illustration, continues to be a danger to social policy as a whole. Think of what would be the result if Dr. Townsend arranged benefits, not only for old age, but for maternity, sickness, the crippled child and widowhood. At every point in such a huge scheme, the essential may be exaggerated.

As a policy, Anything or Nothing reads excellently in headlines. It is like cutting off a leg to cure a broken toe—the patient can understand, however simple-minded he be, just what is going on. The trouble is thus with civilization. It is not and never has been Anything or Nothing. Civilization is a mechanism of life exquisitely adjusted to environment and such a mechanism can only run smoothly if the balance-wheel is in good order.

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IV

Civilization includes factors that will never be other than international, and the difficulty here is that the United States is sometimes inclined to overestimate the mentality of Europe, which is always a mistake.

The best minds in the Old World can deal with Anything that comes along. Also, they seem sometimes to be able to deal with Nothing. But they do find it difficult to deal with Anything that may prove to be Nothing and with Nothing that may prove to be Anything. What is neither one thing nor the other but either or both, is a little elusive.

The World Court is, of course, merely a mausoleum of international law. Still as a lethal chamber for unwelcome quarrels, it may have its uses, and when the Court was proposed by the United States, when Andrew Carnegie, though a Scot, paid for the palace, Europe did believe that this country favored the rule of law not men. It did not occur to the chancelleries that advocacy of the World Court was really a new kind of secret diplomacy intended to camouflage a policy of isolation in which, once more, the essential was exaggerated.

So with the dollar. The world can adjust itself to sixty-cent gold. It can readjust itself to one hundred-cent gold. But the tables of the money-changers in the Temple are, it must be confessed, turned somewhat topsy-turvy when the dollar may be worth either sixty cents or one hundred cents. It is a new kind of Anything or Nothing.

The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, so greatly admired by David Lloyd George, is quite ready, if need be, to turn to thought-reading. But the guessing competition must not be too Einsteinian. It is not easy even for the Bank of England to pick out the ninth judge of the Supreme Court and afterwards say precisely what is in his mind. And what is to happen if President Roosevelt, like King George V, threatens—as it were—to create peers? How *is* a banker in Paris to prognosticate a decision by a tribunal, however august, which may still be itself indeterminate and, in any event, is empowered to do Anything or Nothing?

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The White Quail

By John Steinbeck

A Story

The wall opposite the fireplace in the living room was a big dormer window stretching from the cushioned window seats almost to the ceiling—small diamond panes set in lead. From the window, preferably if you were sitting on the window seat, you could look across the garden and up the hill. There was a stretch of shady lawn under the garden oaks—around each oak there was a circle of carefully tended earth in which grew cinerarias, big ones with loads of flowers so heavy they bent the stems over, and ranging in color from scarlet to ultramarine. At the edge of the lawn, a line of fuchsias grew like little symbolic trees. In front of the fuchsias lay a shallow garden pool, the coping flush with the lawn for a very good reason.

Right at the edge of the garden, the hill started up, wild with cascara bushes and poison oak, with dry grass and live oak, very wild. If you didn't go around to the front of the house you couldn't tell it was on the very edge of the town.

Mary Teller, Mrs. Harry E. Teller, that is, knew the window and the garden were Right and she had a very good reason for knowing. Hadn't she picked out the place where the house and the garden would be years ago? Hadn't she seen the house and the garden a thousand times while the place was still a dry flat against the shoulder of a hill? For that matter, hadn't she, during five years, looked at every attentive man and wondered whether he and that garden would go together? She didn't think so much, "Would this man like such a garden?" but, "Would the garden like such a man?" For the garden was herself, and after all she had to marry some one she liked.

When she met Harry Teller, the garden seemed to like him. It may have surprised him a little when, after he had proposed and was waiting sulkily for his answer as men do, Mary broke into a description of a big dormer window and a garden with a lawn and oak trees and cinerarias and then a wild hill.

He said, "Of course," rather perfunctorily.

Mary asked, "Do you think it's silly?"

He was waiting a little sullenly. "Of course not."

And then she remembered that he had proposed to her, and she accepted him, and let him kiss her. She said, "There will be a little cement pool flush with the lawn. Do you know why? Well, there are more birds on that hill than you'd ever think, yellowhammers

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and wild canaries and red-wing blackbirds, and of course sparrows and linnets, and lots of quail. Of course they'll be coming down to drink there, won't they?"

She was very pretty. He wanted to kiss her over and over, and she let him. "And fuchsias," she said. "Don't forget fuchsias. They're like little tropical Christmas trees. We'll have to have the lawn raked every day to keep the oak leaves up clear."

He laughed at her. "You're a funny little bug. The lot isn't bought, and the house isn't built, and the garden isn't planted; and already you're worrying about oak leaves on the lawn. You're so pretty. You make me kind of —hungry."

That startled her a little. A little expression of annoyance crossed her face. But nevertheless she let him kiss her again, and then sent him home and went to her room, where she had a little blue writing desk and on it a copy book to write things in. She took up a pen, of which the handle was a peacock feather, and she wrote, "Mary Teller" over and over again. Once or twice she wrote, "Mrs. Harry E. Teller."

II

The lot was bought and the house was built, and they were married. Mary drew a careful plan of the garden, and when the workmen were putting it in she didn't leave them alone for a moment. She knew to an inch where everything should be. And she drew the shape of the shallow pool for the cement workers, a kind of heart-shaped pool with no point at the bottom, with gradually sloping edges so the birds could drink easily.

Harry watched her with admiration. "Who could tell that such a pretty girl could have so much efficiency," he said.

That pleased her, too; and she was very happy, so that she said, "You can plant some of the things you like in the garden, if you want."

"No, Mary, I like too much to see your own mind coming out in the garden. You do it all your own way."

She loved him for that; but after all, it was her garden. She had invented it, and willed it, and she had worked out the colors too, so carefully. It really wouldn't have been nice if, for instance, Harry had wanted some flowers that didn't go with the garden.

At last the green lawn was up, and the cinerarias around the oak trees bloomed in sunken pots. The little fuchsia trees had been moved in so carefully that not a leaf wilted.

The window seats behind the dormer windows were piled with cushions covered with bright, fadeless fabrics, for the sun shone in that window a good part of the day.

Mary waited until it was all done, all finished exactly as her mind had seen it; and then one evening when Harry came home from the office, she led him to the window seat. "You see," she said softly. "There it is, just the way I wanted it."

"It's beautiful," said Harry, "very beautiful."

"In a way I'm sad that it's done," she said. "But mostly I'm glad. We won't ever change it, will we, Harry? If a bush dies, we'll put another one just like it in the same place."

"Curious little bug," he said.

"Well, you see I've thought about it so long that it's part of me. If anything should be changed it would be like part of me being torn out."

He put out his hand to touch her, and then withdrew it. "I love you so

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much," he said, and then paused. "But I'm afraid of you, too."

She smiled quietly. "You? Afraid of me? What's there about me you can be afraid of?"

"Well, you're kind of untouchable. There's an inscrutability about you. Probably you don't even know it yourself. You're kind of like your own garden—fixed, and just so. I'm afraid to move around. I might disturb some of your plants."

Mary was pleased. "Dear," she said. "You let me do it. You made it my garden. Yes, you are dear." And she let him kiss her.

III

He was proud of her when people came in to dinner. She was so pretty, so cool and perfect. Her bowls of flowers were exquisite, and she talked about the garden modestly, hesitantly, almost as though she were talking about herself. Sometimes she took her guests into the garden. She pointed to a fuchsia tree. "I didn't know whether he would succeed," she said, just as though the plant were a person. "He ate a lot of plant food before he decided to come around." She smiled quietly to herself.

She was delightful when she worked in the garden. She wore a bright print dress, quite long in the skirt, and sleeveless. Somewhere she had found an old-fashioned sun-bonnet. She wore good sturdy gloves to protect her hands. Harry liked to watch her going about with a bag and a big spoon, putting plant food about the roots of her flowers. He liked it, too, when they went out at night to kill slugs and snails. Mary held the flashlight while Harry did the actual killing, crushing the slugs and snails into oozy, bubbling masses. He knew it must be a disgusting business to her, but the light never wavered. "Brave girl," he thought. "She has a sturdiness in back of that fragile beauty." She made the hunts exciting, too. "There's a big one, creeping and creeping," she would say. "He's after that big bloom. Kill him! Kill him quickly!" They came into the house after the hunts laughing happily.

Mary was worried about the birds. "They don't come down to drink," she complained. "Not many of them. I wonder what's keeping them away."

"Maybe they aren't used to it yet. They'll come later. Maybe there's a cat around."

Her face flushed and she breathed deeply. Her pretty lips tightened away from her teeth. "If there's a cat, I'll put out poisoned fish," she cried. "I won't have a cat after my birds!"

Harry had to soothe her. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll buy an air gun. Then if a cat comes, we can shoot it, and it won't kill the cat, but it'll hurt, and the cat won't come back."

"Yes," she said more calmly. "That might be better."

The living-room was very pleasant at night. The fire burned up in a sheet of flame. If there was a moon, Mary turned off the lights and then they sat looking through the window at the cool blue garden and the dark oak trees.

It was utterly calm and eternal out there. And then the garden ended and the dark thickets of the hill began.

"That's the enemy," Mary said one time. "That's the world that wants to get in, all rough and tangled and unkempt. But it can't get in because the fuchsias won't let it. That's what the fuchsias are there for, and they know it. The birds can get in. They live out in the wild, but they come to my garden for peace and for water." She

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laughed softly. "There's something profound in all that, Harry. I don't know quite what it is. The quail are beginning to come down now. At least a dozen were at the pool this evening."

He said, "I wish I could see the inside of your mind. It seems to flutter around, but it's a cool, collected mind. It's so—sure of itself."

Mary went to sit on his lap for a moment. "Not so awfully sure. You don't know, and I'm glad you don't."

IV

One night when Harry was reading his paper under the lamp, Mary jumped up. "I left my garden scissors outside," she said. "The dew will rust them."

Harry looked over his paper. "Can't I get them for you?"

"No, I'll go. You couldn't find them." She went out into the garden and found the shears, and then she looked in the window, into the living room. Harry was still reading his paper. The room was clear, like a picture, like the set of a play that was about to start. A curtain of fire waved up in the fireplace. Mary stood still and looked. There was the big, deep chair she had been sitting in a minute ago. What would she be doing if she hadn't come outside? Suppose only essence, only mind and sight had come, leaving Mary in the chair? She could almost see herself sitting there. Her round arms and long fingers were resting on the chair. Her delicate, sensitive face was in profile, looking reflectively into the firelight. "What is she thinking about?" Mary whispered. "I wonder what's going on in her mind. Will she get up? No, she's just sitting there. The neck of that dress is too wide, see how it slips sideways over the shoulder. But that's rather pretty. It looks careless, but neat and pretty. Now—she's smiling. She must be thinking something nice."

Suddenly Mary came to herself and realized what she had been doing. She was delighted. "There were two me's," she thought. "It was like having two lives, being able to see myself. That's wonderful. I wonder whether I can see it whenever I want to. I saw just what other people see when they look at me. I must tell Harry about that." But then a new picture formed; she saw herself explaining, trying to describe what had happened. She saw him looking over his paper with an intent, puzzled, almost pained look in his eyes. He tried so hard to understand when she told him things. He wanted to understand, and he never quite succeeded. If she told him about this vision tonight, he would ask questions. He would turn the thing over and over, trying to understand it, until finally he ruined it. He didn't want to spoil the things she told him, but he just couldn't help it. He needed too much light on things the light shriveled. No, she wouldn't tell him. She would want to come out and do it again, and she couldn't if he spoiled it for her.

Through the window she saw Harry put his paper down on his knee and look up at the door. She hurried in, showing him the shears to prove what she had gone for. "See, the rust was forming already. They'd've been all brown and nasty by morning.

He nodded and smiled at her. "It says in the paper we're going to have more trouble with that new loan bill. They put a lot of difficulties in our way. Somebody has to loan money when people want to borrow."

"I don't understand loans," she said.

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"Somebody told me your company had title to nearly every automobile in town."

He laughed. "Well, not all, but a good many of them, anyway. When times are a little bit hard, we make money."

"It sounds terrible," she observed. "It sounds like taking unfair advantage."

He folded the paper and put it on the table beside his chair. "No, I don't think it's unfair," he said. "The people must have the money, and we supply it. The law regulates the interest rate. We haven't anything to do with that."

She stretched her pretty arms and fingers on the chair, as she had seen them through the window. "I suppose it really isn't unfair," she said. "It just sounds as though you took advantage of people when they were down."

Henry looked seriously into the fire for a long time. Mary could see him, and she knew he was worrying about what she said. Well, it would do him no harm to see what business really was like. Things seemed righter when you did them than when you thought about them. A little mental housecleaning mightn't be a bad thing for Harry.

After a little, he looked over at her. "Dear, you don't think it's unfair practice, do you?"

"Why, I don't know anything about loans. How can I tell what is fair?"

Harry insisted, "But do you *feel* it's unfair? Are you ashamed of my business? I wouldn't like it if you were."

Suddenly Mary felt very glad and pleased. "I'm not ashamed, silly. Every one has a right to make a living. You do what you do well."

"You're sure, now?"

"Of course I'm sure, silly."

After she was in bed in her own little bedroom she heard a faint click and saw the door knob turn, and then turn slowly back. The door was locked. It was a signal; there were things Mary didn't like to talk about. The lock was an answer to a question, a clean, quick, decisive answer. It was peculiar about Harry, though. He always tried the door silently. It seemed as though he didn't want her to know he had tried it. But she always did know. He was sweet and gentle. It seemed to make him ashamed when he turned the knob and found the door locked.

Mary pulled the light chain, and when her eyes had become accustomed to the dark, she looked out the window at her garden in the half moonlight. Harry was sweet, and understanding, too. That time about the dog. He had come running into the house, really running. His face was so red and excited that Mary had a nasty shock. She thought there had been an accident. Later in the evening she had a headache from the shock. Harry had shouted, "Joe Adams—his Irish Terrier bitch had puppies. He's going to give me one! Thoroughbred stock, red as strawberries!" He had really wanted one of the pups. It hurt Mary that he couldn't have one. But she was proud of his quick understanding of the situation. When she explained how a dog would—do things on the plants of her garden, or even dig in her flower beds, how, worst of all, a dog would keep the birds away from the pool, Harry understood. He might have trouble with complicated things, like that vision from the garden, but he understood about the dog. Later in the evening, when her head ached, he soothed her and patted Florida Water on her head. That was the curse of imagination. Mary had seen, actually

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seen the dog in her garden, and the dug holes, and ruined plants. It was almost as bad as though it actually happened. Harry was ashamed, but really he couldn't help it if she had such an imagination. Mary couldn't blame him, how could he have known?

V

Late in the afternoon, when the sun had gone behind the hill, there was a time Mary called the really garden time. Then the high-school girl was in from school and had taken charge of the kitchen. It was almost a sacred time. Mary walked out into the garden and across the lawn to a folding chair half behind one of the lawn oaks. She could watch the birds drinking in the pool from there. She could really *feel* the garden. When Harry came home from the office, he stayed in the house and read his paper until she came in from the garden, star-eyed. It made her unhappy to be disturbed.

The summer was just breaking. Mary looked into the kitchen and saw that everything was all right there. She went through the living room and lighted the laid fire, and then she was ready for the garden. The sun had just dropped behind the hill, and the blue gauze of the evening had settled among the oaks.

Mary thought, "It's like millions of not quite invisible fairies coming into my garden. You can't see one of them, but the millions change the color of the air." She smiled to herself at the nice thought. The clipped lawn was damp and fresh with watering. The brilliant cinerarias threw little haloes of color into the air. The fuchsia trees were loaded with blooms. The buds, like little red Christmas tree ornaments, and the open blooms like ballet-skirted ladies. They were so *right*, the fuchsias, so absolutely right. And they discouraged the enemy on the other side, the brush and scrubby, untrimmed trees.

Mary walked across the lawn in the evening to her chair, and sat down. She could hear the birds gathering to come down to the pool. "Making up parties," she thought, "coming to my garden in the evening. How they must love it! How I would like to come to my garden for the first time. If I could be two people—'Good evening, come into the garden, Mary.' 'Oh, isn't it lovely.' 'Yes, I like it, especially at this time. Quiet, now, Mary. Don't frighten the birds.'" She sat as still as a mouse. Her lips were parted with expectancy. In the brush the quail twittered sharply. A yellowhammer dropped to the edge of the pool. Two little flycatchers flickered out over the water and stood still in the air, beating their wings. And then the quail ran out, with funny little steps. They stopped and cocked their heads, to see whether it was safe. Their leader, a big fellow with a crest like a black question mark, sounded the bugle-like "All clear" call, and the band came down to drink.

And then it happened, the wonderful thing. Out of the brush ran a white quail. Mary froze. Yes, it was a quail, no doubt of it, and white as snow. Oh, this was wonderful! A shiver of pleasure, a bursting of pleasure swelled in Mary's breast. She held her breath. The dainty little white hen quail went to the other side of the pool, away from the ordinary quail. She paused and looked around, and then dipped her beak in the water.

"Why," Mary cried to herself, "she's like me! Maybe she is me." A powerful ecstacy quivered in her body. "She's

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like the essence of me, an essence boiled down to utter purity. She must be the queen of the quail. She makes every lovely thing that ever happened to me one thing."

The white quail dipped her beak again and threw back her head to swallow.

The memories welled in Mary and filled her chest. Something sad, always something sad. The packages that came; untying the string was the ecstasy. The thing in the package was never quite—

The marvelous candy from Italy. "Don't eat it, dear. It's prettier than it's good." Mary never ate it, but looking as it was an ecstasy like this.

"What a pretty girl Mary is. She's like a gentian, so quiet." The hearing was an ecstasy like this.

"Mary dear, be very brave now. Your father has—passed away." The first moment of loss was an ecstasy like this.

The white quail stretched a wing backward and smoothed down the feathers with her beak. "This is the me that was everything beautiful. This is the centre of me, my heart."

VI

The blue air became purple in the garden. The fuchsia buds blazed like little candles. And then a gray shadow moved out of the brush. Mary's mouth dropped open. She sat paralyzed with fear. A gray cat crept like death out of the brush, crept toward the pool and the drinking birds. Mary stared in horror. Her hand rose up to her tight throat. Then she broke the paralysis. She screamed terribly. The quail flew away on muttering wings. The cat bounded back into the brush. Still Mary screamed and screamed.

Harry ran out of the house crying, "Mary! What is it, Mary?"

She shuddered when he touched her. She began to cry hysterically. He took her up in his arms and carried her into the house, and into her own room. She lay quivering on the bed. "What was it, dear? What frightened you?"

"It was a cat," she moaned. "It was creeping on the birds." She sat up; her eyes blazed. "Harry, you must put out poison. Tonight you simply must put out some poison for that cat."

"Lie back, dear. You've had a shock."

"Promise me you'll put out poison." She looked closely at him and saw a rebellious light come into his eyes. "Promise."

"Dear," he apologized, "some dog might get it. Animals suffer terribly when they get poison."

"I don't care," she cried. "I don't want any animals in my garden, any kind."

"No," he said. "I won't do that. No, I can't do that. But I'll get up early in the morning. I'll take the new air gun and I'll shoot that cat so he'll never come back. The air gun shoots hard. It'll make a hurt the cat won't forget."

It was the first thing he had ever refused. She didn't know how to combat it; but her head ached, terribly. When it ached its worst he tried to make it up to her for refusing the poison. He kept a little pad soaked with Florida Water, and he patted it on her forehead. She wondered whether she should tell him about the white quail. He wouldn't believe it. But maybe if he knew how important it was, he might poison the cat. She waited until her nerves were calm before she told him. "Dear, there was a white quail in the garden."

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"A white quail? Are you sure it wasn't a pigeon?"

There it was. Right from the first he spoiled it. "I know quail," she cried. "It was quite close to me. A white hen quail."

"That would be a thing to see," he said. "I never heard of one."

"But I tell you I saw it."

He dabbed at her forehead. "Well, I suppose it was an albino. No pigment in the feathers, something like that."

She was growing hysterical again. "You don't understand. That white quail was *me,* the secret me that no one can ever get at, the me that's way inside." Harry's face was contorted with the struggle to understand. "Can't you see, dear? The cat was after me. It was going to kill me. That's why I want to poison it." She studied his face. No, he didn't understand, he couldn't. Why had she told him? If she hadn't been so upset she never would have told him.

"I'll set my alarm clock," he assured her. "Tomorrow morning I'll give that cat something to remember."

At ten o'clock he left her alone. And when he had gone Mary got up and locked the door.

His alarm clock bell awakened Mary in the morning. It was still dark in her room, but she could see the gray light of morning through the window. She heard Harry dressing quietly. He tiptoed past her door and went outside, closing the door silently for fear of awakening her. He carried the new shining air gun in his hand. The fresh gray morning air made him throw back his shoulders and step lightly over the damp lawn. He walked to the corner of the garden and lay down on his stomach in the wet grass.

The garden grew lighter. Already the quail were twittering metallically. The little brown band came to the edge of the brush and cocked their heads. Then the big leader called, "All's well," and his charges ran with quick steps to the pool. A moment later the white quail followed them. She went to the other side of the pool and dipped her beak and threw back her head. Harry raised the gun. The white quail tipped her head and looked toward him. The air gun spat with a vicious whisper. The quail flew off into the brush. But the white quail fell over and shuddered a moment, and lay still on the lawn.

Harry walked slowly over to her and picked her up. "I didn't mean to kill it," he said to himself. "I just wanted to scare it away." He looked at the white bird in his hand. Right in the head, right under the eye the BB shot had gone. Harry stepped to the line of fuchsias and threw the quail up into the brush. The next moment he put down the gun and crashed up through the under growth. He found the white quail, carried her far up the hill and buried her under a pile of leaves.

Mary heard him pass her door. "Harry, did you shoot the cat?"

"It won't ever come back," he said through the door.

"Well, I hope you killed it, but I don't want to hear the details."

Harry walked on into the living room and sat down in a big chair. The room was still dusky, but through the big dormer window the garden glowed and the tops of the lawn oaks were afire with sunshine.

"What a skunk I am," Harry said to himself. "What a dirty skunk, to kill a thing she loved so much." He dropped his head and looked at the floor. "I'm lonely," he said. "Oh, Lord, I'm so lonely!"

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Immigration and Unemployment

By Bernhard Ostrolenk

Despite ordinary opinion, letting down immigration bars would not increase unemployment—it would in the long run mean salvation for heavy industry

The theory that immigration adds to unemployment and its corollary that restriction of immigration must force employers to pay scarcity wages have been favorite popular delusions. They need reëxamination in the light of twenty years of service immigration restriction that culminated in an unemployment crisis unparalleled in the history of the country. Even "common sense" economists must now suspect that unemployment is the consequence of other factors than immigration, possibly seasonal trade variations, cyclical fluctuations, immobility of skilled labor, maldistribution of purchasing power and similar economic phenomena, in which immigration plays no part.

Popular fallacies die hard and it is not improbable that there still are extant survivors of Malthusian mutation who believe that the unemployment problem could be solved by summarily doing away with the 12,000,000 unemployed, thus bringing workers and the number of jobs into balance. The fundamental fallacy with this kind of reasoning is that it assumes that the number of jobs is fixed or decreasing, and hence every additional worker becomes a competitor for the available jobs. This is the theory of immigration restrictionists. The facts of course support no such arithmetic assumption. The number of jobs is not fixed by some occult power but increases with industrial activity. But one important factor in increased industrial activity is population growth.

The period of greatest immigration is the twenty-year period from 1890 to 1910 when the country admitted 12,500,000 immigrants. But that period instead of being a period of unemployment also saw an increase in the number of gainfully employed by 15,000,000, from 23,300,000 to 38,200,000. While the gainfully employed increased sixty-three per cent, population increased only forty-six per cent or from 63,000,000 to 92,000,000. During this period, the production of coal in the United States more than trebled, from 140,000,000 to 448,000,000 long tons, a delicate barometer of the trifold expansion of American industry for the period, since little coal is exported. Other production indices show that this period of greatest immigration sharply stimulated industry. Steel production, another basic industrial commodity, increased seven-

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fold, from 3,400,000 to 24,000,000 long tons; copper quadrupled from 101,000 to 448,000 tons; American railway tonnage nearly trebled from 77,000,000,000 to 219,000,000,000; bank clearings trebled from $58,000,000,000 to $169,000,000,000. Every phase of American industry supports the contention that industrial activities of the people of the United States trebled during the twenty years, stimulated by population growth of forty-six per cent.

II

Our uneconomic immigration laws are the consequence of an alliance between labor, badly advised, and the chauvinistic thinking of "superior race" advocates. The latter phase, which has been repeatedly exploded by anthropologists, and which survives merely with the "better than thou" groups, need not be discussed here.

The most valuable contribution to the discussion of immigration, by the Immigration Commissioner in his 1911 report, is the conclusion that immigration should be considered "primarily an economic problem," that our immigration policy "should be based upon economic or business considerations." This takes the question out of the domain of speculative social and racial theories and permits its consideration on the solid basis of measurable economic realities.

For this reason the discussion here is confined to European immigration. Immigration from the Orient is complicated by problems in the domain of prejudice.

The check on population growth during a period when a great industrial nation has adjusted itself to constant population increases is the very factor which emerges in excess industrial capacity, vacant homes, vacant office buildings and agricultural surpluses. It is not intended to imply here that the present unemployment crisis is altogether the consequence of immigration restriction. But it is true that a sudden cessation of population growth—in part the result of a falling birth rate, and in large part the consequence of a sudden cessation of immigration—results in sudden contraction of the capital goods industry which is an important factor in bringing about unemployment.

A high rate of immigration has always accompanied vigorous industrial activity. It may also be demonstrated that immigration falls when unemployment rises. The classic illustration is the decline in net immigration from 69,000 per month from July 1 to October 31, 1907, to a loss of 14,000 per month from December 1, 1907, to August 31, 1908, then a rise to a total of 113,000 per month from March to April, 1909. These wide fluctuations of migration sensitively coincide with the rise, fall and recovery of industrial activity during the period.

No student of economic developments of the period has seriously held that the 1907 industrial stagnation was a result of the volume of immigration of the period. It was wholly a financial depression. Yet immigration immediately and sensitively contracted with the sharp decline in business activity. The one lesson that stands out is that immigrants will not come to a country that offers no employment. The inflow of immigrants stimulates industrial activity, but if industrial activity becomes stagnant because of other factors, the resultant low wages and unemployment effectively restrict immigration. Adam Smith in 1776 correctly ap-

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praised the effect of immigration on a country's prosperity as follows:

"But though North America is not yet so rich as England, it is much more thriving, and advancing with much greater rapidity to the further acquisition of riches. The most decisive mark of prosperity of any country is the increase of the number of its inhabitants. In Great Britain, and most other European countries, they are not supposed to double in less than 500 years. In the British Colonies in North America, it has been found that they double in twenty or five and twenty years."

That these observations are still true 150 years later is demonstrated by the present unemployment crisis which largely is confined to the durable goods industry—the construction industries, iron and steel, machinery, cement, etc. The American Federation of Labor estimates, that out of 12,000,000 unemployed in the spring of 1934, there were only 700,000 unemployed in the consumption goods industries such as food, clothing, textiles, shoes, etc., and 7,000,000 in the capital or durable goods industries. The remainder of unemployed were in the service industries. There is no sign of a revival in the durable goods industries except by the temporary expedient of government construction. The idle plant capacity and vacant homes are effective deterrents to a resumption of activity within the near future in these industries. It is whispered, in informed circles, that the millions of highly trained workers in these industries, the architects, engineers, technicians and other workers whose capital consists of many years of training to acquire skill, will never be used again, that our fundamental need is a shift of workers from the capital to the consumer goods industries.

This may be true, but such a shift involves an economic loss to our people that is incalculable. Many workers will never again regain an economic foothold. It means economic suicide to our best trained and most skilled workers.

Without arguing the point of the need for more consumer goods workers, we are confronted with the fact of unemployment in the durable goods industries for some decades, unless economic bridges are devised to ease the transition. A population growth, incited by an inflow of immigrants, would recreate demand for capital goods, for home and factory building, for use of machinery on factory and farm. The upward turn in industrial activity could be measurably strengthened by lowering immigration barriers.

III

Not only is it fallacious to attribute unemployment to immigration, but the corollary that restriction of immigration brings high wages is equally misleading. High wages in larger measure are the consequence of efficient production, rather than scarcity of labor or high standards of living. Alaska with 60,000 population has scarcity of labor but no high wages. The farmers always complain of lack of harvest help, but only efficient producers can pay adequate wages to attract help. Nor can labor demand high wages because it has a high standard of living. The high standard of living comes in consequence of high wages. The United States exported as high as $5,000,000,000 in goods annually after 1920. This can only mean that goods produced here were produced at lower cost than in the importing countries. Our exports in 1929 consisted of about two-fifths raw materials, in which we had a geographic

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advantage, and three-fifths manufactured articles, including automobiles, trucks, tractors, electrical equipment, farm machinery, typewriters and other office appliances, sewing machines, etc. In these latter items, labor is the most important cost. The conclusion then would be that wages in these export commodities were less here than abroad. But it is not necessary to marshall statistics to refute such assumption. The fact is that both real and money wages were higher here, but that labor costs were less because of greater efficiency. Our highest priced domestic labor was successfully competing with foreign labor from which our immigrants are drawn. High wages were paid in these industries because of efficient production and because we had an economic advantage. Restriction of immigration had no effect in bringing about these wages.

In fact, urban industries recruited labor from the huge reservoir of our farms. The drop in rate of population during the period affected adversely the market for agricultural products and substituted a cityward rural migration for the inflow of immigrants from abroad.

We attribute our farm problem—the steady decline in prices since 1918—to the increase in production of other countries whose cotton, wheat, hogs and beef were launched on a surfeited and impoverished world market following the end of the World War. We blame Canada and Australia for the wheat glut; India for the excess cotton; Argentina for the surplus of beef and pork. Overproduction is the cry and the myth. Increasing efficiency on the farm has been accompanied by reduced per capita domestic consumption and reduced exports. For the export of agricultural commodities we could substitute increased domestic consumption by permitting immigration. The foreign market could be brought within our doors. Here, too, the transition that the AAA hopes to make by taking 40,000,000 acres out of cultivation could be eased by stimulating consumption through domestic population growth.

Finally, there is the claim that the immigrant has a lower standard of living. The exhaustive studies on this subject made by Hourwich have effectively quieted this fallacy. The immigrant comes here to improve his economic status. For a short period he may be exploited, but immigrants were among the most loyal supporters of all movements to better labor conditions. At one time it was a common charge that the labor union movement in the industrial centres was largely foreign-made. The implication was that the union members were mostly immigrants. The position of the garment workers is a case in point. Probably no other group of workers was so exploited, though exploitation of the garment workers dates back long before Jewish immigrants came here in large numbers and crowded into the garment industry. A miraculous change has taken place in the last thirty years. Working conditions have improved; the industry has changed from a filthy and congested district to a modern garment centre with adequate working conditions; wages have been raised; the immigrant garment workers who at one time were housed in the "lung districts" of the New York ghettoes now are probably the best housed workers in the land. The rows of homes in Brooklyn, the Bronx and on Long Island, although in no way marvels of beauty to æsthetes, certainly are superior homes from the standpoint of equipment,

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space, light and other factors, than workers' homes elsewhere.

The immigrants who came to the coal mines of Pennsylvania organized unions to improve their working conditions and their standards of living, while the native workers in the coal mines of Kentucky to this day suffer from low wages and from a much lower standard of living.

IV

The reader of this article may wonder to what all this leads. Suppose it is true that immigration does not make for unemployment, that restriction does not increase wages, that the standard of living is not lowered by immigration, is it seriously recommended in the face of 12,000,000 unemployed, a large group of whom may be permanently unemployed, that the bars be lowered, and that hordes of immigrants be permitted to come in to add to the burden on public or private charities? Is it seriously proposed that the CWA be extended to feed and house immigrants as well as native unemployed? It is the contention of the author that a free flow of immigrants would not be detrimental even at this time, though it must be admitted that it seems difficult to prove—that lowering of the immigration bars would help the industrial situation in spite of the 12,000,000 unemployed.

Fully recognizing the feeling of the country that much of this discussion is chimerical, still let us assume that by some miracle sound economics triumphed over prejudices and Congress repealed all legislation on immigration restriction except such as should be applied to criminals, paupers, diseased, etc. What would happen? If economic history is a guide at all, the net effect would be no serious immigration at this time. From 1930 to 1932, instead of having a net immigration we have had a net emigration of over a quarter of a million people. The 1907 experience is typical of depression migration. There would be no great migration from Great Britain or from France or Russia. Italy puts obstacles in the way of migration. The economic situation in most countries in Europe today is better than in the United States. The only kind of immigration that we might have in large numbers would be immigrants who come in spite of economic disadvantages, those who are subjected to political disabilities at home. In brief, we might have a refugee immigration.

But this type of immigration must be distinguished sharply from the normal type that comes in. In 1848 such a refugee immigration came from Germany, when between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 people crowded into the United States fleeing from the mailed fist of Prussian autocracy that was then beginning to cast its shadow over the civilized world. The immigrants coming at that time were not laborers seeking jobs, they were entrepreneurs, making jobs. There was no free land at that period. Free land did not come until 1862. Similarly the same type of immigrants coming in today would not be a job-seeking element. They would be entrepreneurs, a manufacturing and mercantilistic group, attempting to develop the chemical industry, the toy industry, or opening international trade avenues with which they are familiar. Many of them might bring capital, and even though coming without capital, it is important to note that the training and psychology is not for job-seeking. This type of immigrant might help bridge us over the unemployment crisis now.

But more important, as soon as re-

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vival started, a flow of immigrants would come here creating needs, helping in the revival of the capital goods industry and consuming our agricultural goods. For every immigrant that comes, many jobs would be created. That is the known experience of 1907.

From these facts it is plain that adequate preparation to push revival along once it has started must include abolition of our unsound immigration restriction.

The Tree

By Geraldine Seelemire MacLeod

As an awed, solitary child
I stood beneath this tree—
Peering afar into the windy branches where a wild
And lonely hawk guarded her nest, her red eyes fixed on me,
Trustless, afraid, and fierce. I, as she,
Stared, motionless, tranced in the breathless moment endlessly.
Softly, at last, stepped back from the evil circle of her gaze
Into the stirring sunlight and my pulsing entity.
Nor visited this place again until the autumn days
Had polished the blown sky
To shine like metal, and left the fields to tarnish;
Then came too late to see the last leaves fly.
But heard, like a witched departure of unbodied wings,
The rattling whisper of the wind.—And high
In the last bare branch the torn nest hung,
Deserted. Chilled and alone, my young imaginings
Went with the hawks, lost from my mind and tongue.
Now I have come again;
By the old path inevitably returned; and now, as then,
I am unpowered: With a slow shock identity
Returns through the outraged fibers of this tree—
This torn, charred snag with its black face to the sky,
Blind to the hunting hawks that pass it by!

. . . It is the one of all among the summer wood . . .

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New Concept of Crops

By Charles Morrow Wilson

A new cycle of farm surpluses may yet result in prosperity in place of disaster

If farming is a business, it is assuredly a wasteful business; the most wasteful of all great businesses. But during recent years the labeling of farming as a business has been out of vogue. An urban-minded generation has come to regard it merely as food production. As such it must be an incessant gamble with weather gods, bugs, synthetic price systems, organs of distribution, and vagaries of the human stomach and of pampered appetites.

It seems probable that each year each one of us consumes about 1.4 tons of vegetable produce. In one way or another each one of us pays for about 2.8 tons of vegetable materials that are incidental to getting use of 1.4 tons. By and large the good earth of this land seems to effect about twelve per cent of its possibilities for producing usable crops.

For example, the maximum proven yield of corn, foremost American crop, is 225 bushels per acre, while the average current yield for the United States is about twenty-six bushels to the acre. The maximum proven yield of wheat is 122.5 bushels to the acre; the present average yield about fifteen bushels. Three and a third bales of cotton have been raised on a single acre of land, although the average yield is about one-third of one bale. An average potato crop is 115 bushels to the acre; the proven maximum is 1,055.

But in real practice, our inefficiency in crop production is of secondary importance to inefficiency in crop consumption. May I again speak of corn? The "normal" corn crop is very nearly three billion bushels, with a value usually greater than wheat and cotton, or cattle and hogs together. An average acre of corn provides about 1,680 pounds of grain, 4,000 pounds of stalks and leaves, and 560 pounds of cobs. Probably three per cent of the stalks find use as livestock feed; the grain is usable, a small portion of the cobs is usable. Yet less than a third of the plant growth-weight meets with use. Normal yearly accumulation of plant wastes from corn, cereals, cotton, flax and sugar cane is estimated at 310,000,000 tons of cellulose and other plant materials, a sizable vanload for every citizen between the age of one and one hundred.

As consumers of vegetation, we pay billions for stalks, straws, hulls, rines and pits, which from a standpoint of real utility are worth to us considerably less than nothing at all, for they wait to be burned, buried or hauled away.

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One biting irony of this incessant pageant of throw-away is that crop wastes involve the very life-essence of soil, and soil, according to proverb, is the final savings bank of the nation. Man feeds principally upon starches. Yet biologically speaking, starches seem to be devised largely of carbon dioxide and water; whereas the wasted stalks, stovers and hulls of plants, with their pith and fibres and mocking hollowness, actually consume most of the nitrogen, potash, calcium and other precious mineral resources of soil—the very elements whose exhaustion spells agrarian ruin, whose replenishment demands the spending of billions for fertilizers.

But we can not consume any vast quantity of these profitless stalks and stems as food. The actual supply of foods seems plentiful—some would say tragically plentiful. During recent years, corn has been burnt as fuel, potatoes have been left undug, green vegetables and edible fruits tossed in rivers and incinerators. Census figures indicate that the nation has about 65,000,000 fewer acres in crops today than it had fifteen years ago.

By and large, we are inclined to eat less food as the years go by. We are no longer a nation of laboring churls—with appetites proportionate and befitting laboring churls. Food demand wanes with energy demands, which wane with shortened work hours and continued glorification of strong and impersonal machines to do man's work. Food exports stay slim and channels of foreign trade stay constipated with factions, politics and bilious congestions of debts and credits. The nation's stomach is an inelastic consumer, and what is far worse for prevailing agrarian philosophies, it is a slowly decreasing consumer. Recent years have proven the futility of "eat more" campaigns. When and if we eat more of one sort of food, we most assuredly eat less of another, or of several others.

In terms of the immediate, food markets remain colossal mysteries, oppressed by sickened buying power, muddled over by fumbling hands of government, festered by middle man's greed. We boast of new planning, new economy, new justice. But the nation's estimate of agriculture stays trite and old and pathetically inadequate. Our New Dealers have talked much and labored considerably in behalf of social justice for the farmer. But from a standpoint of concept and definition this agrarian new deal is really a tiresomely old deal. For first of all it continues to define the farmer as a producer of foods, and its essential plannings are built upon a dietary basis.

This dilemma seems first of all a dilemma of definition. The farmer has long since ceased to be merely a producer of foods. He is currently and actually a producer of materials, nonedible as well as edible, industrial as well as culinary. When and if this new concept can be realized, we need no longer concede that the vast panorama of crop wastes is pre-ordained by a mysterious and extravagant bucolic providence; that farming, Nature's trade, can never rival the efficiency of more synthetic trades.

II

Falteringly yet persistently, industry seeks to reclassify field crops as materials, rather than merely as foods, and to behold in this reclassification a new dawn of efficient harvests that may reduce crop wastes nearer and nearer to final extinction.

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The complete story of efficient harvests is long, laborious and paradoxical. Farm by-products of yesterday have become main products of today. Crop wastes of today may very probably prove crop wealth of tomorrow. Assuredly all changes in vegetation values must be supported by painstaking technical research and stubborn industrial experiment. In this synthetic age a price change of a cent a pound may change the agricultural source of any one of a thousand great commodities—and concepts of profits, like concepts of truth, justice, or art, shift and change like the face of a great river.

But the panorama of crop-waste redemption is progressed well beyond the stage of pipe dreams. In the United States today, saving of crop wastes can be recorded as a $200,000,000-a-year business. Scientific arms of our government labor at some ninety different strivings in increased harvest utility. Some 700 private and corporate businesses are making commercial application and experiment. Henry G. Knight, chief of the United States Bureau of Chemistry and Soils, estimates that research in crop wastes savings has thus far yielded a return of about $200 in industrial or farm profits for every dollar spent at laboratory research. United States appropriations for all research in crop use total about $17,000,000 a year (roughly one-half the cost of a first-class battleship dedicated to the tender cause of blasting other first-class battleships into Kingdom Come).

Meat packing industries have proven themselves forerunners and trail-blazers of efficient harvesting. Fifty years ago the American public was accustomed to consume about one-half the live weight of a meat animal. The rest was waste. But gradually commercial meat packers have lowered this ratio of waste from fifty per cent, or more, to an average of thirteen per cent. Through development and exploitation of hundreds of non-food by-products of meat, and through more versatile processing of edibles, they have succeeded generally in keeping meat consumption apace with an always increasing public, and in salvaging non-food by-products which represent from nine to fourteen per cent of their business volume. Today meat processors, with all their ill-odors and failings, can make profitable disposition of some eighty-seven per cent of the pig that feeds upon corn plants which are only thirty-two per cent usable.

It seems entirely reasonable to infer biological differences between a corn plant and a hog, between a steer and a stack of hay. Yet there seems to be a synthesis between the animal and its provender, even as there seems to be a synthesis between the plant life that flourishes in our fields today, and the jungle growths of carboniferous eras unknown millions of years ago. Yet gas, petroleum and coal, residues from these unknown eras, prove to be from ninety to ninety-five per cent consumable.

Likely enough, in these dim lost ages of dinosaurs and protoplasmic swamps there were incessant and stupendous surpluses of virtually every manner of vegetable and animal life. But presumably there were no economists or politicians to worry about surpluses or to propound cures thereof.

Even today, one may occasionally blunder upon an accepting spirit who fails to become alarmed at the alleged presence of surplus crops. For instance, there is the redoubtable Henry Ford:

"What's wrong with a surplus? It's only through a surplus that we learn

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new uses for things. For example, why use up the forests that we were centuries in making and the mines that required ages to lay down, if we can get the equivalent of forest and mineral products in the annual growth of the fields?"

Mr. Ford envisages the day when materials for automobiles may be grown from soil and above the ground. Even now each one of his autos is said to contain between thirty and fifty pounds of vegetable material. But his rhetorical question is not answerable exclusively by Mr. Ford. Industry is finding an increasing army of uses for crop wastes as well as non-food uses of food crops.

III

Studying the industrial horizon, we see a new tribe of non-food products from corn, foremost American crop and therefore the most wasted of American crops.

In the first place there is the corncob, whose main commercial use is now in the form of furfural, recently changed from a fad chemical to a staple industrial commodity used in making embalming fluids, adhesives, varnishes, mucilage, insecticides, explosive absorbents, paint and varnish removers, black or brown dyes, printing plates, electrical parts, phonograph records. Recovery of furfural is about ten per cent of the weight of the dry material and possible sources include all manner of cereal hull wastes and various other discards of milling.

Furfural is by no means the only redemption from the vast agricultural waste that is the corncob. W. W. Skinner, research chief of the United States Bureau of Chemistry and Soils makes this fanciful suggestion:

"It is not an unreasonably wild speculation, at least to the romancing chemist, to imagine a time when we may ride home from work in a car fitted with electrical equipment made from corncob plastics, and painted with corncob lacquers, enter a home built with corncob boards and covered with corncob shingles, exchange our workcoat for an easy-jacket made of corncob textiles and colored with corncob dyes, seek an easy chair made of corncob products, read the evening gossip from a newspaper made of corncob pulp and printed with corncob ink, toast our toes before an open fire of corncob briquettes, and soothe the senses by smoking a corncob pipe."

The greater part of the corn crop goes to stalk, and the greater part of the stalk goes to naught. Left to rot in the fields, the stalks are but slight benefit to the soil, to some types of soil an actual damage, and in any case a winter haven for crop-ruining insects.

But now industrial uses for cornstalks are making cautious appearance. For example, the Maizwood Products Company of Dubuque gives the whole of its productive time toward changing cornstalks to worth while building materials, insulating board, sheathing, plaster and acoustical boards. The company estimates that the waste cornstalks of Iowa alone could produce about eighty billion square feet of board a year, provided, of course, there were accommodating citizens at hand who felt the need of it.

The advent of celotex is another colorful chapter in the use of plant celluloses, which broadly speaking, comprise about sixty per cent of the weight of all field crops. Celotex is made of sugar cane waste, or bagasse. However skilfully the juice may be pressed from the stalk, a refinery's accumulation of

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cane residue is likely to be about ten tons to the harvested acre of cane. In earlier years this bagasse had been burned as fuel, or simply burned. Celotex is made by grinding the bagasse to pulp and shaping the pulp into wall board and similar utilities. The fortunes of celotex, like most other building materials, vary and shift with building demands. But commercial use for sugar cane waste has proven profoundly beneficial to the agriculture of sugar cane. Good cellulose must come of healthy plants, and, by and large, American sugar cane was becoming blight-stricken.

This situation prompted Jacob Jesweit (University of Mageringen and the East Java Experiment Station) aided by the talent and research of the United States Department of Agriculture, to develop the B.O.J., a disease-resisting, firmly fibred cane that has come to be standard in the Sugar Bowl of Louisiana, as well as in greater sugar-producing areas. In this instance, therefore, the fact of saving part of a crop from waste has aided materially in saving the crop itself.

To the story of usable pulps from plant wastes, also belong several new chapters of the romance of paper, which is considerably more interesting than the majority of romances on paper.

Virtually any fibrous plant is a possible source of paper, which is no doubt fortunate since the demand for paper is endlessly growing. In the proverbial year's time, the proverbial average American consumes about twice his weight in paper (about 250 pounds). Each day in the United States we use about 40,000 tons of print paper alone, a mere appetizer to a demand which helps more and more to spell out the current truth that American forests are being slashed about four and a half times as fast as they can grow.

For many centuries men have recognized possibilities for making paper from field wastes. In 1929 Chevalier de Welsbach, director of the Government Printing Plant at Vienna, completed a highly successful and profitable experiment in making papers from American cornstalks. The experiment produced letter paper of various styles and colors, chancery papers, silk papers in various colors, even cigarette papers; and having paid nine dollars a ton for the cornstalks, produced a net profit of almost $300 a ton for the Austrian government.

But the idea is not exclusive to Austria. Patents for making papers from cornstalks and husks were being granted to American inventors as early as 1802. Straw papers were made in Germany as early as 1756 and research files show that usable papers have been made from such varied vegetable wastes as sawdust, grape vines, hemp, virtually all common forest woods, thistle stalks, burdock, barley stems, even cabbages. Though wood pulp had become the accepted base of papers, the years between 1890 and 1916 saw various American attempts to manufacture paper from cornstalks, common straws and cotton stalks and sugar cane waste.

Yet, currently speaking, our average yearly manufacture of about 350,000 tons of wheat straw to paper pulps and boarding materials represents no more than a first-down for use of crop wastes in papers. The technical possibilities are handsomely proven; the practical issue is one of dollar-and-penny competition between per-ton costs of cellulose from crop refuse and cellulose from woods. Mother Nature is impartial. There is slight difference between the actual con-

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tent of cellulose pulps in common woods, bagasse, mature cornstalks and mature cereal straws. But in the manufacture of paper, equipment is expensive and a cubic foot of "digester" space holds about ten pounds of chipped wood, and only about three of cornstalks or straw, which suggests a costly transition in source. On the other hand, stalks and straws are more easily "cooked" by paper-making chemicals than is wood.

All of which seems merely another way of saying that, currently defined, paper from crop wastes is more a possibility than a reality. But it seems reasonably safe to predict that as timber supplies decrease and their costs increase, there will assuredly come a time when other materials will largely replace woods for paper pulps, and that some portion of the "other materials" may be the unsightly stalks and stovers that clutter our fields after every harvest.

IV

We have spoken already of cellulose as a by-product of sugar, which, nutritively speaking, leads us to the subject of milk. Milk, by the way, is the greatest sugar crop. We drink more sugar in milk than we eat outside it. And milk is another of our extravagantly wasted crops.

Modern dairying has to a large extent become a technique of butter-fat production, and from a standpoint of literal food value, certainly of possible commercial values, butter and cream are but minor products of milk. In the annual clearance of American creameries are more that 320,000,000 pounds of milk solids. If a development of wider markets could increase the value of these solids by one cent a pound, it would mean as much added profit to dairying as could be realized from an increase of two cents a pound for butter.

The foremost non-food product from milk is casein (three per cent of original volume). Casein makes buttons, billiard balls, imitation ivory and various other commercial plastics. It is used in paints, insecticides, in making cloths, adhesives, glues, veneers and water-proofing. But about three-fourths of all commercial casein finds use in making commercial papers. And since paper trades have become synonymous with vastness, that is another reason why domestic casein manufacture stays in the neighborhood of 25,000,000 pounds a year (from 214 factories), an amount approximately matched by imports, largely from Argentina. With a new tariff of 5.5 per cent on casein imports, United States futures in casein-making seem brighter.

The foremost vegetable in the United States is the Irish potato; the second is the sweet potato. This rooty cousin of the morning glory is a tremendous ground-gainer. From a curiosity of the sandy Piedmont it has now changed to an 80,000,000-bushel crop that revels in the light and frequently spent loams that stretch from New Jersey south and west along the Atlantic and Gulf far into Texas. As a rule, market grading of the crop must discard as culls between thirty and forty per cent of the total yield, and culls spell tremendous waste. Recovery of food starches from them would buck another food market glutted with surpluses.

But the United States government is going into the non-edible starch business. The starch is to be made from culled sweet potatoes. Most starches make bitter dextrins, therefore bitter

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mucilage. But the dextrin from sweet potatoes isn't bitter and therefore makes pleasantly flavored mucilage for the backs of Mr. Farley's postage stamps. It safeguards the American public from acquiring a rancid taste from licking the aft of G. Washington's visage, Whistler's Mother or the ethereal landscapes of interior America, now being glorified on postage stamps. The scene of the new industry is Laurel, Mississippi; the factory is being built from outright grants of the PWA; the owners and operators are ourselves, otherwise and occasionally known as the United States government. Presumably the undertaking will be given over to private ownership, when and if it becomes successful.

V

So we have listed here a few of the many current strivings in redemption of crop waste, or the acquisition from food crops of non-food by-products. The complete story can not possibly be squeezed into the type frames of one magazine or one book. But the few are apparently typical.

And it may not be unreasonable to list them as road signs that point to a place and time wherein industry and agriculture may function as companions in production of goods, rather than as relentless rivals, wherein competent consumption of crops may change farm products to farm and commercial profits or gains.

To be sure, we have no right to name more thorough consumption of crops as a sure panacea for the still deplorable plight of farms. But surely the issue does hold a place in the enduring dilemma of food surpluses and shortages. For better use of crops promises to serve as a gyroscope, a balance wheel, for a happier and more spontaneous steering of agricultural destinies.

Congestion in food channels, continued dumpings of precious fruits and vegetables, the grim promise of a renewed cycle of crop surpluses to atone for the exceptionally poor yields of 1934 (and for the past forty years every outstandingly bad drought has been followed by a renewed orgy of overproduction of crops), all these suggest that from the farmer's viewpoint, American agriculture still suffers an economy of abundance.

On the other hand actual records of food consumption suggest that the poor man of the city is most assuredly faced with an economy of scarcity. Even in 1929, foremost bubble year of American prosperity, such an outstanding statistical staff as that of the Russell Sage Foundation declared that that nation actually was enduring an undersupply and under-consumption of many great food products; that production of milk and cream fell 27,000,000 pounds short of public needs; butter was 2,000,000 pounds short; vegetables 7,000,000,000; citrus fruits 3,000,000,000; eggs many millions of dozen.

Mary Van Kleeck, director of industrial research for the Foundation declares:

"It has been assumed in the current economic policies of the United States that the trouble is due to production of 'surplus' as tested by a market that absorbs products at a profit. Hence the effort to destroy the surplus in order to lessen the supply in relation to the demand, thus seeking to raise prices and increase money returns to the farmer. . . . Yet it already has been shown that the people of this country actually lack the necessary quantities of food required for a diet regarded by govern-

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ment officials as proper on a basis of scientific nutritive value."

This testimony is repeated as a quotation, by one who holds the highest regard for the research technique of the Russell Sage Foundation and for the sincerity of its workers. As a people we have vastly too much food in sheds and bins, too little in larders. Distribution and circulation remains sluggish and inadequate. Government farm legislation condemns profits with words, defends them with deeds, and therefore 1934 goes down in history as a good year for big incomes, but a tragic year for small incomes.

Perhaps all these generalities are not too far removed from our subject at hand. Economies of crop consumption seem wholly unable to countenance prevailing economies of crop waste. As an increased percentage of the growth weights of our harvests is put to use; as great crops find avenues for disposal as non-edibles as well as edibles; as materials grown from the land find better scope as materials of industries; stagnant surpluses of food may possibly become active reserves of materials, and when new markets are found for the hulls and stalks and pith of plants, then farmer, processor and industrialist alike may be able to benefit from new vistas of demand, and to dispense the food portions of crops more graciously and cheaply to the hard-up consumer.

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Understanding the Nazis

By William Orton

Because Americans possess a set of values exactly opposite to the Germans', it is almost impossible for them to comprehend the reasons for National Socialism

About as far east of Denmark as England is west, the river Vistula enters the Baltic Sea; and on the farther side of its broad estuary, some thirty miles from the coast, rises the great monastic-fortress of Marienburg. There is nothing else in Germany to compare with it. The sheer temerity of its upward leap from the river-bank—tier upon tier of walls and battlements rising to heights that would be daring even in stone—attests the power that raised this vast structure out of humble clay. Its aspect of stern purpose dominating these empty eastern plains, rising from crude foundations to the austere beauty of the hidden citadel, has a quality that does not seem to age. Here, over six hundred years ago, lived those northern Romans, the knights of the Teutonic Order. From this seat of authority and devotion they fought the Slavic tribes, founded cities, estates and agricultural colonies, administered law and an advanced agrarian economy, and negotiated with all the powers of Europe. And to their memory official Germany has always reverted in days of humiliation, seeing itself the great colonizer and law-giver of the eastern marches, the advance-guard of European civilization in a region about which the rest of Europe knows little, and cares less.

For this is not the Germany of popular imagination. Far to the south, in a landscape of hills and waters, of fascinating contrasts between the near and the far, lies the Germany of song and legend, of the lyric and the duel, of the poets and musicians, of the eternally adolescent element in the German soul. This is the land to whose voice young people have responded ever since it was first heard in the Eighteenth Century; it is the Germany of which Germans themselves speak when they describe themselves, in Eucken's phrase, as "the people of the soul." "The depth of feeling common to us Germans," said he, "has become a power controlling our activity and permeating our history to a degree unknown to any other people. In this sense we have a right to say that we form the soul of humanity, and that the destruction of the German nature would rob world-history of its deepest meaning." So, a century earlier, in the ashes of Napoleonic devastation, Fichte had made a religion out of Germanism; so, in the nadir of 1919, von Hindenburg reaffirmed the faith: "Ger-

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many, the receptive and radiating centre of so many inexhaustible values of culture and civilization, will not perish as long as she keeps her faith in her great, universal mission."

Here we have the two poles of the German universe: on the one hand, the genius for objective system and order, pragmatic accomplishment and tenacity of purpose, reflected in the tangible successes of social, economic and military organization; and on the other hand, the transcendental aspiration, the romantic introversion, the spiritual profundity, of German feeling and culture. Between these poles the ideal of German unity has always lain in a field of instability and tension; for they are never—they never have been—historically in alignment. And in this constant tension, this conflicting polarity, lies the key to German history.

The tangible forms evolved by the German genius for order have never fully satisfied the German spirituality; and the latter, while throwing off a multitude of images equally noble and vague, has never been able to achieve a tangible form of its own. This dilemma appears historically as the conflict between northern and southern elements in the German folk; but its most interesting manifestations are those in which it exists in the inner life of the same individual. Here, in all probability, is the clue to the neurotic strain in Bismarck, William II, Hitler and some of his colleagues; the frequent and sudden reversions of such men from the realistic and empirical plane to the semi-mystical or theosophical bespeak a psychological—one is tempted to say, a racial—instability. The craving of the German, even when he is most successful, for good opinion, for external reassurance, is a symptom of it; as is also the mania for parade, for "dressing-up," so conspicuous in the Kaiser and his entourage, and in a certain officer of the third Reich. Nietzsche had a terrifying glimpse of the truth when he hinted (in *Ecce Homo*) that the concepts of the superman and of the extreme decadent are parallel manifestations of a single psychological situation. It is this situation, with its unresolved polarity in both collective and individual life, that underlies the entire Nazi movement.

II

Historic necessity decreed that the outward union of the German peoples should be delayed until the era of political nation-states. It was a hard fate for the Germans, to whom that ill-starred form of collective life was never a native or a natural expression. In the pitiless world of actuality, Prussia alone proved strong enough to give to Germany the form of a national state; and at every step of the process her success was distrusted by many who desired nothing so much as the union of the German people. Even Fichte, though he made himself the high-priest of German nationalism, based his ideal Germany on neither racial nor political grounds, but on spiritual values. Berlin seemed then, as so often since, to stand for the essentially alien thing: for system, rationality, sophistication—not because it was in truth un-German, but because it sought to assimilate all that could feed and foster its own administrative genius. The northern power alone found strength in its darkest hour to stand against the Napoleonic deluge; the northern arm alone was strong enough to hammer these German tribesmen together; but they shuddered under its blows—as well

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they might—and distrusted the very triumphs that they welcomed. Even in the exultant pre-War years, there is in the enthusiasm of the Germans for their Kaiser and their navy a slightly hysterical tone, as of people who are drinking fast in an effort to drown something at the back of their minds that is worrying them.

Then came the crash of 1918. Almost overnight the prestige, the authority and the actual leadership of the Prusso-German unity were gone. Allied propaganda had worked for years toward this end, aided since 1917 by Mr. Wilson's speeches—one wonders whether Mr. Wilson understood all that he was doing in detaching the German people from the German government. The old polarity was loosed at high voltage in an atmosphere full of unknown elements; for when the King of Prussia fled across the frontier, the Emperor of Germany went too. The one tangible form of German unity, never too securely based in the German soul, had vanished in defeat and abdication; the formless passionate currents of subjective Germanism surged over the political landscape; fate posed the question whether any form whatever could contain that deep and bitter flood.

Total collapse was in fact nearer than is generally recognized. Both Communist and monarchist revolts took a strong separatist turn. And underneath them the tension between the objective and the subjective phases of German nationalism broke out in unexpected places; nowhere more poignantly than in the writings of that true and noble German, Walter Rathenau. "We are endowed as no other people is for a mission of the spirit. Such a mission was ours till a century ago; we renounced it, and instead devoted ourselves to the most far-reaching developments of mechanism and to their counterpart in bids for power. It was Faust, lured away from his true path, astray among witches, brawlers and alchemists. But the Faust soul of Germany is not dead. Of all peoples on the earth we alone have never ceased to struggle with ourselves. And not with ourselves alone, but with our dæmon, our God. The soul of the German people lies still in the convulsions and hallucinations of its slow recovery. It is recovery not alone from the War, but from something worse, its hundred years' alienation from itself. We must reunite ourselves with the days before we ceased to be Germans and became Berliners." Alongside that utterance, consider this contemporary declaration of the Communist youth movement: "We must stop thinking as Germans and learn to think as proletarians." With that, the lists are drawn for more than literary war.

III

The Hitler movement, it will be conceded, was in origin preëminently a youth movement. It attracted, in its early years, hordes of young men unaccustomed to civic or economic discipline, unversed in the problems of civic government and administration, conscious only of a vast amount of vague emotional discontent. It was also—until the occupation of the Ruhr—a south German movement, hungering for "Germanism" in both the worst and the best meanings of that highly equivocal word (the English lack a corresponding term; the Americans have one). From the first it was an open question whether the model democracy of Weimar would be able to canalize this resurgence of a romanticism in

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which—as Brandes remarked sixty years ago—"there was concealed from the very beginning a reactionary principle." It is curious to note how closely Hitler's diatribes against the constitution-makers of 1919 are paralleled by Marx's against those of 1848. But for the moment the new constitution had an ally; not indeed among those powers who had first called it into being and then refused it any birthright, but in that very power that was eventually to supersede it. The mere fact that large sections of the German proletariat were willing to put their class before their nation brought out Nazi bludgeons on the side of German unity; and there ensued the spectacle of one Bavarian gang beating up another for the offense of maligning Berlin.

That alliance could not last. True, there were always enough Communists to embarrass the government and serve as a rallying cry for Nazi nationalism; but the Brown-Shirt campaign was moved by an inner compulsion to represent all exponents of liberal reasonableness as enemies of Germany and Germanism. Events played into its hand. The republic became identified, in the ardent imagination of Hitler and his legions, with the era of national humiliation. It was pledged to a treaty by which Germany was made to proclaim herself the criminal among nations; and on the basis of that proclamation, the republic had had to admit the intrusion of so many foreign controls into its civil and economic administration that experts in public law raised the question whether Germany was still a sovereign power. It must be remembered that under the Dawes plan of 1924, in addition to the military and naval limitations of the treaty, the German budget, the revenues of the railroad system, the policies of the Reichsbank, the whole of its dealings in foreign exchange, and, collaterally, the state revenues from alcohol, beer, tobacco, sugar and customs, all passed under foreign supervision; so that, as Dr. Herbert Kraus of Königsberg remarked, "If Germany can still be characterized as sovereign today, it is only for the reason that the obligations of the Treaty of Versailles are limited in duration." The limit actually named in the Young plan—eleven years after the cessation of hostilities—is the hopeful year 1988! It is not the justice of these provisions that is here in question, but their psychological effect upon the young men of Germany.

Even had things gone easier in the international field, the new government had neither tradition, history, nor symbolism adequate to meet the craving for a psychological orgasm; and fate had given it an opponent who was not only a born mouthpiece for mass-emotion, but a very shrewd political swordsman. Take, for example, a favorite argument of Hitler's. Listen, he says, to what any one of the major political parties says about the others at election time. You would think, would you not, that if one is right the rest must certainly be wrong? Yet what do they do as soon as the election is over? Get together, compromise, patch up their differences, for the sake of running a government that runs nowhere. What sort of leadership can you expect for the great German nation from a system like that? It is a shrewd thrust at a most vulnerable point; it injures not only the authority of the democratic idea, but—far more fatally—its prestige.

The sincerest efforts of the republic to meet and direct the emotional life of its young citizens reacted against it.

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A very interesting study by Dr. Paul Kosok (*Modern Germany*, 1933) shows how carefully the new government fostered a genuine cultural patriotism in the educational system. The organized movements for *heimatkunde* and *heimatschutz* stimulated the interest, dating from pre-War days, in local history, landscape and tradition. The intention was to counteract the idealistic internationalism of the proletarian groups, and mobilize the spirit of youth movement behind the new republican state. But the latter hope was disappointed. At the very time when the voting age was reduced from twenty-five to twenty the state was deprived of that most effective symbol and instrument of political patriotism, the standing army; while, as Dr. Kosok says, "the increasing crisis of the post-War period helped to develop among the youth a much greater tendency toward radical thought and action." The records show the continual drift of membership away from the officially sponsored or recognized youth organizations toward those of the extreme Right and the extreme Left—to both of which the Hitler propaganda very cleverly appealed. The new state had neither a vigorous enough programme nor a strong enough emotional appeal for post-War adolescence; that fact is patent to any one who knows the German youth of today. It was the Nazis, not the state, that benefited by this stimulation of cultural nationalism; and the more they did so, the more effectively they could ask the radicals —with fists as well as words—whether they were really prepared to sacrifice their Germanism to their theoretical class solidarity. A majority of them, thus challenged, decided that they were not.

The outside world, ignoring historic actuality, tries constantly to represent all this as a battle of theories, a conflict of ideas. It was something far more important. It was a conflict of irrational forces against ideas; and it reached this spectacular crisis in Germany because that conflict has so long been latent in the German soul. The burning of the books—a minor incident in itself—is one of those lightning-like symbols that history occasionally throws up to show eyes that can see what is really happening in the depths. The persecution of the Jews is similarly symbolic. The Germans in normal times are no more Jew-haters than the Americans. All the nonsense about a Jewish conspiracy, the Protocols of Zion and such melodramatic fustian had been completely exposed by the London *Times* as far back as 1921. But to the activist Nazis the Jews offered the one interim objective that held no risk of setting one section of the movement against another. The sufferings of these defenseless people ministered to the craving for self-esteem of minds almost deranged by national humiliation; and passions that could find no normal outlet were vented, as so often before, on the stranger within the gates.

It must not be supposed that every German who did not resist the Nazis condoned all this. In particular, it must not be assumed that all the intellectuals who have joined, or conformed to, the movement are either fools or cowards. Many of them were desperate men in desperate circumstances grasping at a desperate remedy. Communism and the class war had no appeal to them on either intellectual or emotional grounds. There is a fairly wide-spread impression in America that the Soviet union is, on the whole, a success. Very

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few Germans think so, or would admit that it ever can be. And what, in the way of either hope or achievement, had the policy of liberalism and sweet reasonableness to offer—in Germany or anywhere else? Since 1930, when the beautiful constitution folded itself up in the arms of Article 48, men hungry for leadership might well wonder.

IV

The upshot of all this is a historic phenomenon of extraordinary interest. It is a great tribal movement with certain conspicuous Asiatic traits. It is a species of collective life based on irrationality as a positive principle. It is an adventure and a crusade. It is the first attempt of subjective Germanism to attain corporate form on the grand scale. It is full of power and possibility. And it arises within a European system that is patently and irretrievably bankrupt.

To say that the third Reich is based on irrationality as a positive principle is, to the average intellectual, to say that it is unreasonable and nonsensical. That is very far from the intention. Reason and rationality are enemies most of the time; the irrational is not necessarily the unreasonable. The most unreasonable thing in modern history was the French attempt to worship the goddess of reason. One must not assume, because Hitler and his queer companions make hay of the propositions of liberal democracy, and throw into the pile the very axioms on which those propositions are based, that what they themselves say is out of all touch with reality; or that the way it strikes an intelligent American newspaper man is a sufficient interpretation of it.

For example: here is a specimen of this semi-mystical, subjective Germanism finding utterance in a speech of Hitler (September, 1934): "The idea of human civilization may be built up on an entirely unconscious, because intuitive, fulfilment of a longing and its urge as inwardly determined by the influence of blood. . . . For the purpose of building up a new civilization it would be a mistake to adopt elements of a philosophy imported in the past but not rooted in the blood of our people." The purport of this and similar utterances (there are hundreds of them) is worth examining. There is the almost transparent admission of deep spiritual dissatisfaction, together with its natural outcome in messianic imagery. There is the implicit despair of help coming from the outside world, disguised as the discarding of alien philosophies; together with a vague and distant hope that philosophic form may somehow be discovered for existing psychological necessities. There is retreat (disguised as racial superiority) from the intolerable complexities of the European situation, and a falling back upon the idea of blood, the Redeemer. This blood-image appears very frequently in early German romanticism as well as in modern German theosophy. Its psychological significance is beyond the scope of this paper, but should be borne in mind; especially in regard to the unreasoning acceptance of the whole Aryan mythology. And finally, there is the unspecific character of this and all such utterances, which Westerners criticize as politically inadequate and Germans praise as politically far-sighted.

But it is more instructive to look at the character of recent Nazi legislation —which very few critics take the trouble to follow in any detail. In the sphere of economics there is a complete and explicit rejection of the mechanistic pos-

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tulates of both *laissez-faire* and Karl Marx. There is a vigorous attempt to lift the entire social structure out of the marketplace, and substitute a system of direct personal relationships for the impersonal relationships of the modern economic order. The idea of allowing conditions to be determined by the free forces of supply and demand is basically at variance with the Nazi temper and ideology. When von Neurath recently proclaimed that agriculture was the first section of national business to be "freed from the capitalist system," he meant by the latter term the system under which human situations were pre-determined by purely economic forces. As Walther Darré, Minister of Agriculture, said, "Prices no longer controlled us and our actions but we determined prices." According to Dr. Ley, leader of the German labor front, the basic reason for the liquidation of the labor unions was precisely that advanced by radicals and reformers elsewhere for their retention: namely, that they stood for economic (and to some extent, political) dualism. National Socialism has set itself the task —as yet unaccomplished outside Russia —of resolving this dualism; and the means it relies on are not primarily economic measures, but such "irrational" concepts as "social honor," "loyalty," "leadership." "The people never are bad," said Dr. Ley, "they are noble-minded and good; hatred is a product of cowardice and fear. National Socialism replaced negation of life by the will to live, the joy of living, and affirmation of life. We believe in the people." Whether all this can result in a practicable policy is not the issue here. It is a reversion to a traditional German point of view that found its first expression in the romantic period; and the reversion is the more significant in that it is largely unconscious.

V

There is a wise old saying about people who live in glass houses. If the policies of liberal democracy were more clearly tending toward social solidarity and international good will rather than toward social disintegration and international war, critics of the Nazis would be on stronger ground. That fact, however, hardly reaches the root of the matter. The root of the matter lies in the conflict of values. American history and psychology have centred American values about the ideal of personal liberty; and however short of it America falls in practice, and whatever shutting of the eyes to other values its pursuit entails, it stands supreme in American tradition and ideology. But in just the same way, recent German history and psychology have centred German values about the ideal of solidarity. The Germans, putting solidarity first, impinge upon personal liberty to a degree that seems shocking to an American. The Americans, putting liberty first, tolerate economic and social conflict to a degree that seems shocking to a German. Neither side can defend its particular idealism against the criticism of the other; and neither side can be argued into surrender because values are not determined by argument. Americans are fond of saying (though the voices are now a little shaky) that the pursuit of liberty will eventually bring about as much social solidarity as is necessary; and Germans believe that when solidarity is completely achieved and organized, as much liberty as any good German can want will naturally have emerged from the system. There is a bare possibility that both may be

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right. As between them, the chances are about even.

Here indeed is the hardest of all ethical dilemmas: to allow to a people who violate one's own set of values the right to seek their own salvation in their own way. It is solved *de facto*, if not *de jure*, by the consideration that there is no possibility of making converts by force. But the student of history will recognize one thing more. He will recognize that previous forms of German unity, with their inner stress and tension, failed to create a Germany that could live at peace with herself and the world; and he will hope that out of this new beginning may grow a form under which Germany may be more at ease with her spiritual self, and therefore with her neighbors. Admittedly, that hope is faint. All other hope is fainter.

After Snow

By Frances Taylor Patterson

Sun, the high Caliph, the tireless giver,
Spreads out his treasures on meadow and housetop;
Ingots of silver on dormers and gables;
Bullion in cloud-heaps, new-mined from the blizzard;
Small silver birds on the telegraph wire;
Filigree ships in a filigree river;
Water to ice and ice into fire.
Sun, the sky-treasurer, keeper and spender,
Spreads out his treasures on meadow and housetop.

Cold, the proud armorer, swings at his hammers,
Making the forest a jacket of splendor;
Forging a chain-mail for hemlocks and cedars;
Welding a plate-mail for upstanding mountains.
Cold, the white Vulcan, the strong smith, the giant,
Claps into sheaths the swords of the fountains;
Binds the thin waters with tenuous cables;
Turns into gargoyles the drip of the leaders.
Cold, the proud armorer, swings at his hammers.

Wind, the rash artist, the playboy, the tyrant,
Etches with needles of ice on the casement.
Wind, the strange farmer who reaps without sowing,
Beats with his flails the storm-ripened harvest.
Wind, the loud worker, half husband, half plunderer,
Stacks the snow grain into glittering drift-mows.
The scold of the seasons, the braggart, the thunderer,
Snapping the branches and ranting and blowing,
Down through the valley goes wind, the mad tyrant.

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Red Ribbon Gone

By Karlton Kelm

A Story

The table was set for two, just two, in the special guest-room off the side-parlor set aside for the reception of Mother Superior's special, intimate friends.

Sister Agatha stood back, her thin face tight-lipped with approval as she looked.

The lacy banquet cloth that fell gracefully to the floor, the special silver, the special dishes with neat little pyramids of sandwiches, the crust wastefully but delightfully cut off, of course—the olives, the small creamy-frosted cakes, the two lighted candles with the bowl of nasturtiums between softly flowering their delicate color. The dim seclusion of drawn shades before nightfall.

How close that little table seemed, how close and snug. What an air of rendezvous, expectancy—not really a convent room at all now, no convent smell of wax and varnish and faint antiseptic, but a part of a room with rich-hanging drapes, and inviting little nooks with cushions, and incense of a pagan fragrancy.

Sister Agatha sighed, then Sister Mary Margaret, cook, came in red-faced from steam and looked and sighed and giggled, her small round blue eyes sparkling with adventure. One by one they all came in and looked, the sisters, looked and exchanged quick nods and long glances, their eyes very bright in the soft candle-glow. They saw the little table set as their own was set never, and one of them asked in a hushed tone, "Is Sister Mary Rose down yet?" and another whispered, "She's waiting in the parlor with Mother Isabella," and then they all looked one last time and filed out, their rosaries gently jingling at their sides—all except Sister Agatha who remained to serve.

The room waited, then the door to the special parlor opened and in stepped Sister Mary Rose lightly, bright cheeks framed in freshly starched wimple, lustrous dark eyes very deep and big with occasion. A young nun, Sister Mary Rose, girlish and animated of gesture. Her quick smile took in everything, then turned on him who followed her and Mother Isabella.

Mother Isabella was no longer acting-Mother but had given over reign to Mother Philip—was now just one of the Sisters again. Still, her past authority seemed to lend a dignity, a rightness, to this meeting, which without her would have seemed too worldly, even sinful.

Mother Philip had gone to the city

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on business. By the time she returned the little table in the special dining-room would be cleared, and Father Fenton and some of the Sisters, no less than three, would be in the general parlor swapping stories, in which she would probably join until supper-gong.

Sister Mary Rose and Father Fenton took their places at the table. They asked repeatedly shouldn't they draw up a chair for Mother Isabella, but Mother Isabella fumbled in her sleeves for her handkerchief, said no, lunches didn't agree with her, and right after that excused herself, assuring them she'd be right back.

It was *their* party. This all the sisters understood. It was coloring their lives today with the faint pink of semi-worldliness. It was an occasion indeed! A dramatic anti-climax to the legend that had come to them with Sister Mary Rose's entrance into the convent. The legend of a boy and girl who in a confusing modern world had sacrificed a great love of the flesh for a greater one of the spirit. For the sisters it had woven a web of romance about Sister Mary Rose's gentle person until they had come to set her apart as some one not quite of them but added to them, a delightful embellishment—some one the drama of whose significance they could live vicariously, enjoying the poetry of it, poetry in terms of balconies and moonlit gardens and that one ultimate and dramatic parting.

And now the meeting again! The first since that parting, since her years with them in the convent, his in the seminary. It had come about so suddenly with a letter from her brother. Enclosed with it had been a whole packet of letters, old letters, frayed at the edges from many readings and tied up neatly with much red ribbon. (*Love letters;* the sisters could tell.) In rummaging through the attic her brother had come upon them and, not knowing what else to do, had dispatched them to his sister. Would she keep them? It was most irregular, to be sure; still, if they were very beautiful letters, provoking only beautiful memories—had she destroyed them already, mused the sisters, and would they ever know whether she had or hadn't?

It was the first time she had ever mentioned his name to them, that day the letters came. "Oh, Francis's letters. I feared I hadn't burnt them all." She had said that and no more. They had cherished her silence too, because it was more eloquent of the sacredness of that parting, that sacrifice, than anything she could have spoken. But when her brother's letter said that an old friend of hers had just been stationed in a parish close to their convent they had all guessed the priest was "Francis," and it was Mother Isabella herself who had suggested the tea-party. It was fun keeping a little secret from Mother Superior occasionally.

II

Sister Agatha passed sandwiches and poured coffee with Oriental stillness and precision, only the faint rustling of her skirts, the gentle tinkling of her rosary, breaking the stillness, the snugness, of the little room, as the eyes of Sister Mary Rose lifted in open child-like roguishness to Father Fenton over the nasturtium blooms, yellow and mild scarlet, between the soft-flickering light of the two candles which alone in the building were not blessed but brightly colored blue and decorated voluptuously with beaded yellow dragons.

Father Fenton grinned. "Your brother told me about those letters he

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found. It would be great sport reading them now, but of course you destroyed them."

Sister Mary Rose stopped smiling and fingered her silver. "No," she said, "I did not destroy them—not yet."

"Ah, you've been entertaining the sisters with them!" chided Father Fenton.

"No," said Sister Mary Rose, her eyes on the silver, her fine brows raised.

Father Fenton laughed, a long explosive laugh that seemed to release excess energy from some inexhaustible source in the depths of his strong and full body.

"No," repeated Sister Mary Rose, facing him as she adjusted her gimp. "No, they've not read them. They've seen them, but they've not read them."

Father Fenton absorbed himself with eating. "Pickled crabs," he discovered, helping himself. Still a young priest, there was only a slight thickness through the shoulders, a thickness about his whole darkness, to remind her that he was not the boy whose backyard had been separated from hers by only a very narrow alley lined with garbage cans and milkweeds. "Francis," she said softly, her face subsiding to the relaxation of memories, "we used to steal them. Crab apples. I think it was the nicest thing we ever did. I can't feel sorry."

Father Fenton ate heartily. "I bet you bawl out your girls for the same thing though," he teased. "I bet you tell them that old one about the boy who started by stealing apples and ended with robbing a bank."

"That's it. And all the time I don't want them to miss the *fun* of it."

The priest only laughed at her.

"I know it's such a little thing. But it bothers me to be just right. I want to be sincerely so—always."

The priest stopped eating, stopped laughing. "Mary," he said, "I'm afraid you never had a very strong sense of humor."

She smiled whimsically. "You used to boost me up a tree on your shoulders, and I'd shake the limbs while the apples fell down all around like big hailstones. One time I fell on you and it hurt your wrist."

"You offered to kiss it to stop the hurt."

"I did."

"But it kept hurting just the same, Mary."

"Yes," she said quietly, "just the same."

His spoon suspended above his coffee cup, Father Fenton frowned briefly. Then Mother Isabella cleared her throat loudly and returned. Sister Agatha came in from the kitchen with ice cream and they all four talked ice cream and parish problems and Sister Mary Rose's girls and the roads and the rain. Then suddenly from Father Fenton: "Now then, Sister, won't you go for the letters and read them to us. I'm sure Mother would enjoy them."

For a moment Mother Isabella's consternation equalled Sister Mary Rose's, but Father Fenton only smiled, the smile gone slightly bland.

Sister Mary Rose stood up. "Of course." Her voice was strangely tight and small. "Of course—I'll get them." She hurried from the room, while Mother Isabella turned questioningly to the priest.

"She's come to see the past as the rest of you see it, hasn't she?" he said soberly.

Two great puzzled lines dug themselves between Mother Isabella's softly faded old eyes. "Either that, Father, or simply as it was." In her look to him

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was slight accusation, but the priest's smile was clear and easy, so that her puzzlement deepened until a slow new understanding came and smoothed it away. By the time Sister Mary Rose returned Mother Isabella was regarding Father Fenton with a new gentle appreciation.

Sister Mary Rose brought forth the little packet of letters from the folds of her habit and unwound from them the red ribbon, slowly, silently.

"Wait," said Mother Isabella. "Let us call in the Sisters. It will be such good fun for them." There was a forced sprightliness in her tone, as if she had spoken from necessity rather than from any real desire.

Sister Mary Rose caught her breath, suspended between the suggestion and her reply. "Of course," she said finally in the same small tight voice, "of course, Mother." And there was something dying in her throat now, something dying in her look, as Sister Agatha was dispatched for the nuns.

They came, gently nodding, smiling, a very old one among them tittering benevolently, a bony-knuckled hand over her teeth, a happy tear falling from a blinky tired old eye. They all exchanged nods and smiles, except Mother Isabella who sat motionless, her eyes fixed on Sister Mary Rose a bit sadly.

They waited, bonnets bent forward, hands in their laps or fumbling with the cord about their waists, blissfully waiting for what they felt would be something beautiful. A beautiful story told in letters tied with red ribbon—the legend they'd dramatized repeatedly in their minds now to be enacted before them.

Her hands shaking so that she could hardly control them, Sister Mary Rose opened the first letter, then handing it across the table to Father Fenton with a sudden gay defiance, the defiance of quick hate, she said, "Here, Father, *you* read it."

III

It wasn't that they weren't good letters. They were very entertaining, very amusing letters, and made the sisters smile. But the sisters had not come to smile; they had come to—to sigh. And *these* letters!

HELLO KID,

Sorry I didn't get to write sooner . . . tough job . . . darn canning factory . . . lug hot cans around all night . . . blisters on my hand . . . got the worst stomach ache! Had a keen date yesterday off hours . . . I'll smuggle a couple of cans of peas home to you.

Sister Mary Rose sat very still, her smile small and of a bright hardness.

HI, MARY,

Tough being a freshman . . . campused for the weekend too . . . a couple of wise Sophs made me buy my own pajamas . . . darn chemistry . . . haven't even met a girl yet . . . Sophomore dance next Tuesday, all the Freshies got to buy a ticket, care to come down to it? You dance well . . . pretty good orchestra.

Yours truly . . .

"Well, did you go?" asked Sister Mary Margaret, cook, her small eyes round with curiosity.

"I went," said Sister Mary Rose, "but I was not his partner. There was a boy with large ears for me. The girl *he* took was blond and fluffy. He brought her with him next day to see me off at the station." Sister Mary Rose spoke freely now, her voice of a clear bright hardness.

DEAR MARY,

Are you coming down for graduation? I can get you some good dates if you do . . . Sorry you're disappointed about my not stay-

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ing home this summer but I want to get an old Ford and see the country because in the fall (don't faint) I'm going to the sem.

Your friend,
Francis Fenton.

Father Fenton was watching Sister Mary Rose, his brow no longer clear, his smile forced, uneasy. This hard bright defiance of hers told so much that her earlier modest confusion had not. Somehow it made him see clearly what he had always been too blind, too self-centred, to see. He saw to be real what he had been so sure never existed in those other days but only come later with a convent legend—a legend he had now destroyed, purposely.

He turned to Mother Isabella and found her studying him noddingly, gently rebuking him for his blindness and yet approving the outcome of this he had done, saying through her softly faded eyes it was for the best.

The last letter had been interrupted by the doorbell. "Mother!" gasped the sisters, remembering how late it was getting, and all were too frightened to move. But it wasn't Mother Philip after all, so that by the time she did come Sister Agatha had cleared the table, and Mother Isabella, Father Fenton, and Sister Mary Rose, and the very old nun, who was always given special consideration because she was becoming childish, had gone into the general parlor.

Soon after that Father Fenton left, in his eyes something serious now, terribly so, as he looked at Sister Mary Rose with a pleading goodbye that asked both forgiveness and understanding of what he had done.

Alone with Sister Mary Rose and the old one, Mother Isabella said quietly, "We must not try this again; we were nearly caught."

Sister Mary Rose moved slowly from the room. "They looked so sad," she said, "so sad and disappointed in spite of their laughter. I'm sorry for *them*, that's all."

The old nun, who did not understand, made tch-tch sounds with her loose gray lips and said, "You think Mother suspects us?" but neither of them answered her. They looked at each other for a moment, but Mother with encouraging softness, the Sister with her new bright strength that needed no softness, as if now she could be not only right, but sincerely so as well—always—as she had desired. Then Sister Mary Rose turned and left the room, the letters clutched in her hand in front of her, the red ribbon gone.

They heard her walk down the corridor to Mother Philip's room, her rosary gently jingling at her side. They heard her rap, heard Mother's strong "Come in," and then they heard her enter the room and quietly close the door after her.

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The Kingless Kingdom

By G. E. W. Johnson

The assassination of King Alexander of Jugoslavia and its aftermath have emphasized the menace to peace of Hungary's discontent

If a competition were held to determine the most dissatisfied nation in the world, these distraught times would produce many candidates for the dubious honor. From China to Paraguay, from Japan to Germany, the nations would tread upon each other's heels in clamoring for first place; but it is more than likely that a conscientious judge would award the palm to the land of the Magyars. Germany lost about one-tenth of her area and population by the Treaty of Versailles, and has been giving vent to her indignation in no uncertain terms ever since. If the Germans regard their losses as galling, the Hungarians regard theirs as catastrophic and insufferable. By the Treaty of Trianon, hastily dashed off by harassed diplomats as a sort of afterthought to the Treaty of Versailles, Hungary lost two-thirds of her area and population. Before the War Hungary had a population of twenty-one millions; today, after allowing for the natural increase of population in the post-War period, she has a population of about nine millions. This crippling dismemberment of the Hungarian kingdom, which boasted a history of a thousand years, cut Magyar pride to the quick. True enough, of the thirteen million people lost, fully ten million were non-Magyars who had long kicked against the pricks of Hungarian oppression; but the nearly three million Magyars who now passed under the rule of the Little Entente powers—700,000 to Czechoslovakia, a million and a half to Rumania, and half a million to Jugoslavia—reversed the tables and afforded the Hungarians a moral peg upon which to hang their claims for a revision of the treaty. When Hungarians learned of the losses inflicted upon them by the Treaty of Trianon, the anguished cry "*Nem, nem, soha!*"—"No, no, never!"—choked forth from their lips; and, under the guidance of their political cheer-leaders, they have kept chorusing this refrain ever since with the lustiness of an American football crowd.

A dispassionate observer can not but feel that there is some justice in the Hungarian case. When the Little Entente powers were being rewarded for their services to the Allied cause, they were naturally impelled to claim everything in sight; Hungary herself, racked in turn by Red terror and White, was unable to present her case effectually; and the overworked arbiters of

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the world, bewildered by the conflicting claims of a dozen ethnic groups of whose existence they had never before heard, took the easy course of giving their allies everything short of a *carte blanche*. The national groups were so inextricably intermingled that no boundary line could conceivably be drawn that would eliminate minorities altogether; as a matter of fact, there is still in Hungary a minority of 100,000 Slovaks, and smaller though substantial minorities of Rumanians and Jugoslavs. But some of the considerations that determined the frontiers were of a purely strategical or economic nature that negated all considerations of national self-determination. For example, the desire of Rumania and Jugoslavia to have entirely within their borders important railway lines led to the acquisition by these countries of territories peopled almost exclusively by Hungarians.

The "unredeemed" Magyars are for the most part concentrated in solid blocks contiguous to the Hungarian frontier under conditions that are a perpetual affront to Hungarian national pride. Some agricultural holdings are split in two by the frontier, and the customs regulations lead to all kinds of vexations in the harvesting of crops and the management of farms. The Jugoslav Government allows merchandise to cross the frontier only at nine designated points in a stretch of several hundred miles. According to Hungarian allegations, some farmers are so situated that they are obliged to go out of their way as much as ninety-five miles in order to bring home crops grown only a few yards away. Though a revision of the frontiers might ameliorate this grievance, there are other conditions more difficult of solution. There is, for instance, the plight of the half million Szeklers of southeastern Transylvania, who are separated from their kin in Hungary by a solid belt of Rumanians. It is impossible to reunite this district with Hungary without handing over a large Rumanian population to alien rule. But this awkward consideration does not deter the Hungarians from yearning to be reunited with their brethren who are pictured as enduring a Babylonian captivity. The sense of moral grievance which Hungary feels with respect to those territories of which she has been unfairly deprived naturally tends to transform itself into a desire for revenge, which dreams of recovering all the lost territories, whether populated by Magyars or not. This sentiment is fanned by the former Magyar landowners, whose holdings in the lost provinces have been expropriated, and who have flocked to Budapest to stimulate the irredentist aspirations of their kin in Hungary.

There was a time when Dr. Beneš, the Czechoslovak Foreign Minister, and other Little Entente statesmen occasionally hinted at the possibility of minor frontier rectifications to Hungary's advantage. But nothing ever came of these vague offers, and Hungary's increasing intransigence of recent years seems to have ended the possibility of an appeasement in this direction.

II

For Hungary the immediate post-War period was tragic internally as well as externally. As if the disastrous consequences that flowed from the loss of the War were not sufficient to fill the cup, Hungary's domestic history was probably the most harrowing of any country outside Russia. The democratic republic set up by Count Michael Karolyi was afflicted with the same numb-

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ness that had paralyzed the Kerensky régime in Russia and yielded without resistance to the assaults of Béla Kun's Communists. Hungary thereby became the only country except Russia to go Bolshevik, but the outcome was vastly different. After four months the Bolshevik government collapsed, partly because of a boycott of Budapest by the peasants and partly because of an invasion by the Czech and Rumanian armies. The Red terror was then followed by a White terror, and the usual crop of atrocity stories made their appearance.

The Whites were anxious to reëstablish the Habsburg monarchy, but the Little Entente powers, fearing the seductive influence of dynastic loyalties upon their newly acquired populations, sternly forbade a restoration under the threat of instant war. When ex-Emperor-King Charles made his two rash and ill-planned attempts to regain the Hungarian throne, the Hungarian ruling class, in defiance of every instinct of their nature, were compelled to resist his efforts and to banish him from the country.

Being denied a king through foreign veto, the Hungarians have come to attach a mystic significance to the institution of monarchy as a symbol of national independence. They insist on calling their country a kingdom, and Nicholas Horthy, a former admiral of the now defunct Austro-Hungarian navy, was appointed under the title of Regent to the headship of the state—a situation that has led some wag to declare not unwittily that Hungary is a kingdom without a king ruled by an admiral without a navy.

The man chiefly responsible for piloting Hungary through the troublous post-War decade was Count Stephen Bethlen. Though he could not forget that his native province of Transylvania was now a part of Rumania, Bethlen did not allow his uncompromising irredentist yearnings to entrap him into any rash enterprise against his powerful neighbors. He sought to free his country from the strangling economic grip of the surrounding states by promoting friendly relations with Italy, a policy which was encouraged by pronouncements made from time to time by Mussolini advocating a revision of the peace settlement to Hungary's advantage. In 1931 the shadows of the world crisis began to deepen in the valley of the Danube and Hungary found herself in the throes of a financial crisis. Count Bethlen's prestige was impaired and he decided it was time to resign his stewardship. He was succeeded by Count Julius Karolyi—a cousin of the exiled Count Michael—who swung to a policy of friendship with France, largely owing to the fact that Hungary was in dire need of financial assistance, which could only be obtained from Paris. In September, 1932, however, the premiership passed to General Julius Gömbös, former Minister of War, who revived Bethlen's Italophile policies. He also struck a new note by seeking to cement closer relations with Germany. This pro-German policy is regarded with dislike by the Hungarian legitimist nobility, who yearn for a restoration of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy and detect in Gömbös's friendship with Hitler a renunciation of this aspiration. This breach between Gömbös and the aristocracy was reflected in the composition of his cabinet. It was remarked as a striking innovation that under Gömbös the cabinet, for the first time in modern Hungarian history—disregarding the Béla Kun interlude—

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was graced by the presence of not a single nobleman.

General Gömbös, like the aristocracy, is a monarchist, but he is not a legitimist. He inherits the tradition of those Hungarian nationalists who rebelled against Habsburg rule in 1848 as a form of Austrian tyranny. He favors the choice of a monarch by a free election, which seems to imply that he is averse to entangling dynastic alliances with Austria. If the Hungarians are to go to the trouble of restoring the monarchy, they want a king who will reside in Budapest, not an absentee monarch living in Vienna. Gömbös's coolness to the notion of reunion with Austria, despite his political friendship with that country, accords with his policy of currying Hitler's favor as a potential patron in Hungary's crusade for treaty revision. To press the idea of Austro-Hungarian union would involve not only defying the war threats of the Little Entente, but also running smack against Hitler's project of Austro-German *Anschluss*, and Gömbös considers such a situation too much like skating on thin ice.

III

Magyar statesmen, while dreaming of restoring Hungary's ancient splendor, recognize that Hungary alone can avail nothing against her strong neighbors. From the military point of view, Hungary is very perilously circumstanced. Save for the short Austrian frontier, she is encircled on all sides by enemies. Her present territory consists of an almost unrelieved plain; she is no longer protected by natural frontiers such as the Carpathians provided in pre-War days. In the event of war, unless prompt assistance were forthcoming from some powerful ally, she could be overrun in no time by the Little Entente countries, whose combined population outnumbers hers sixfold. Budapest, the capital of Hungary, can be easily shelled from Czechoslovak territory. Szeged, the second city, is almost skirted by the Jugoslav frontier. Debreczen, the third city, is only a few miles from the Rumanian border. All of Hungary's most vital centres are militarily indefensible.

If revision is to come, it must come by the aid of some foreign power. For a long time Hungary pinned her hopes on France. From a purely French standpoint, the Quai d'Orsay has objections neither to a moderate programme of territorial revision nor to a Habsburg restoration. But Hungarian hopes that France would exert her influence upon the Little Entente to effect these ends have been disappointed. France fears that any pressure on the Little Entente countries would drive them into the arms of Hitler, and she is taking no chances. This was made abundantly clear by M. Barthou, the late French Foreign Minister, in a forthright speech delivered before the Rumanian Parliament last June. "Your frontiers," cried M. Barthou, "have been, are and always will be yours. Be assured that if a square centimetre of the soil of your country is touched, France will be at your side!" This uncompromising pledge provoked "great surprise and indignation" in Hungary, if we are to believe Kálmán Kánya, Hungarian Foreign Minister. It served to confirm the policy of strengthening Hungary's relations with Italy and Germany. "Our foreign policy," said General Gömbös, "reposes upon an axis passing through Rome and Berlin."

Both Italy and Germany have been eager to build up blocs in rivalry to

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France and to each other, and both have consequently made advances to Hungary by expressing sympathy for her revisionist claims. Hungary would have been only too delighted if the two big powers would have furthered her ambitions in perfect harmony; but to her intense disgust, her friends soon fell out because Hitler and Mussolini could not see eye to eye over Austria. Having to pick one or the other as his patron, Gömbös chose Mussolini, though he was careful to avoid assuming an anti-German attitude. Austria serves as a bridge, connecting Hungary with Germany in the north and Italy in the south. As long as Austria is estranged from Germany and linked to Italy, geographical considerations dictate that Hungary should throw in her lot with Italy. But if the Austro-German *Anschluss* should ever be consummated, then equally cogent reasons would prescribe a Hungarian shift into Germany's orbit. The wily Gömbös wants to be prepared for any eventuality, and therefore, despite his treaties with Austria and Italy, he has persisted in reiterating his friendship for Germany.

As far back as 1923 Captain Gömbös, as he then was, fresh from repressing the Communists in the White terror, visited Munich to study the technique of a rising young agitator named Adolf Hitler, who had already made himself the *bête noire* of the Marxists. The two practitioners of strong-arm politics pledged each other their everlasting friendship. Ten years later Gömbös again visited Hitler, but this time it was the Prime Minister of Hungary visiting the Chancellor of the German Reich. Gömbös was the first head of a foreign government to visit Hitler: thus was broken the diplomatic quarantine which all other countries had thrown around Germany. In June of 1933 Gömbös flew to Berlin to confer with Hitler and later attended, in the Chancellor's company, a rally of 60,000 Storm Troops at Erfurt. Gömbös departed with a compliment to Hitler on his zeal in suppressing Communists. The Nazis, eager to assure the German people that at least one foreign country appreciated the merits of the godlike Adolf, trumpeted abroad the news that Hungary was in full accord with Germany. Gömbös was thus maneuvered into a most embarrassing position. Hitler was at this time exerting every nerve to break down Chancellor Dollfuss's resistance to the Nazi siege of Austria, and the world jumped to the inevitable conclusion: Gömbös was backing Hitler in this policy. But at the very moment when this rumor received currency, Gömbös was engaged in negotiations for treaties intended to create closer political and economic ties with Austria and Italy. What to do? To disavow his sympathy with *Anschluss* meant alienating Hitler; to fail to do so would provoke the frowns of Mussolini. Gömbös wriggled out of his tight spot by paying a hasty visit to Vienna, where he privately assured Dollfuss that Hungary had not made herself a party to Hitler's designs on Austria. In March, 1934, Gömbös and Dollfuss journeyed to Rome to sign the political and economic pacts that closely linked the three countries. But Gömbös soon took the precaution of publicly assuring Hitler that these agreements did not involve any Hungarian guarantee of Austrian independence. "I am thoroughly convinced," Gömbös told the Hungarian Parliament in May, "that we should not interfere in the matter of Austro-German *Anschluss* or in Germany's internal politics."

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IV

Besides the existence of Magyar minorities in the Little Entente countries, there is another source of dissension. This is the aid and comfort extended by Hungary to the non-Magyar minorities in those same countries who are dissatisfied with their present status. Among these disaffected groups are the Slovaks of Cechoslovakia and the Croats of Jugoslavia. These ethnic groups have their local traditions which lead them to make demands for autonomy that range all the way from limited self-government to complete independence. It is natural enough that Hungary, cherishing her grievances against her neighbors, should instinctively sympathize with these recalcitrant elements and offer them asylum when they are obliged to flee their own countries. When these exiles proceed to take advantage of their residence on Hungarian soil to concoct terroristic outrages against their governments, it is equally understandable that these governments should bitterly resent this situation and threaten drastic action against Hungary.

It can thus be seen that there are really two sources of discord between Hungary and her neighbors. On the part of Hungary, there is the grievance that nearly three million of her people are separated from their fatherland; on the part of the Little Entente countries, there is resentment that Hungary has been giving shelter to political exiles who are contriving terrorist plots aimed against their rulers and governments. Although this latter issue has long been a vexed question, the events of the last few months crystallized it into an acrimonious dispute between Hungary and Jugoslavia centring around the assassination of King Alexander.

The first reaction of the distant observer to these diplomatic brawls is that it is just another petty and sordid Balkan quarrel, of no more consequence to the world at large than the never-ending war between Bolivia and Paraguay. If the controversy were indeed limited to the two principals, such a conclusion might be justified; but they do not stand alone. The parties are each linked to great powers outside the Balkans. Jugoslavia is allied to France; Hungary is linked to Italy and friendly to Germany. Those who recall that the last World War was precipitated by a quarrel in which Austria-Hungary accused Serbia of complicity in the assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand, can not but feel a sense of anxiety when they see another quarrel, startlingly similar in its details though with a reversal of rôles between the actors, breaking forth twenty years later. Largely owing to the moderating influence of France and Italy, the recent crisis seems to have been successfully surmounted; but it momentarily brought into clear focus so many of the tensions that underlay, and still underlie, the Danubian region, that it is not without interest to recall some of the highlights of the controversy, for no one can tell when it may flare forth with renewed virulence at some fresh provocation.

The quarrel between Hungary and Jugoslavia had come to the attention of the League of Nations even before the death of King Alexander. Last May the Hungarian Government brought before the Council of the League a complaint setting forth that Jugoslav frontier guards were with "inhuman cruelty" shooting down persons who sought to cross the frontier without authorization, and that fifteen deaths had been caused in this way in the years 1931–33.

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Jugoslavia replied on June 4 with a long note containing charges that Hungary was harboring political terrorists who were guilty of contriving outrages against Jugoslavia. It asserted that the headquarters of the terrorists was a farm called Jánka Puszta, situated on Hungarian soil less than four miles from the Jugoslav frontier. Here, it was alleged, thirty to forty Croat emigrés were constantly in residence, practised on a shooting range, and were given instruction in the handling of bombs and other infernal machines. Hungarian officials were accused of complicity: it was charged that newcomers were escorted to the farm by Hungarian police, that certain Hungarian officials maintained intimate relations with the exiles, and that they were permitted to travel abroad on Hungarian passports. Most serious of all, Hungarian authorities were criminally negligent in permitting the emigrés to make incursions into Jugoslav territory for the purpose of planting bombs and committing other terroristic acts. The note cited a list of eleven such outrages, involving the death of seven persons, alleged to have been committed in 1932 and 1933 by terrorists operating from Hungary. In view of these conditions, the Jugoslav frontier guards were compelled to exercise the utmost stringency in guarding against the illegal entry of unauthorized persons.

Under the mollifying influence of the League, the two powers were persuaded to enter into direct negotiations for the settlement of their dispute, and on July 21 it was announced that a preliminary accord had been reached.

V

But it soon developed that the dispute between the two irascible neighbors had merely been scotched, not killed. It broke forth with redoubled fury following the assassination of King Alexander of Jugoslavia and M. Louis Barthou, the French Foreign Minister, at Marseilles on October 9. Confessions obtained by the French police from three accomplices of the assassin revealed that the crime had been carefully planned beforehand by an organization of Croat terrorists, although the actual assassin, who lost his life in the commission of the crime, was a Macedonian who was equally rebellious against the Jugoslav Government. From the international point of view, the most ominous feature of the affair was that the assassins had been former inmates of Jánka Puszta and had been in possession of authentic Hungarian passports.

It was inevitable that the Jugoslav Government should resent the murder and should be determined to make an issue of the asylum given by her neighbor to emigré terrorists. Italy was involved as well as Hungary, but France, intent upon effecting her reconciliation with Italy, to which Jugoslavia was also to be a party, was anxious that no extraneous issue be injected to mar her efforts. French pressure was successful in prevailing upon Jugoslavia to refrain from accusing Italy. The Jugoslavs concentrated their indignation against the Hungarians.

On November 22 the Jugoslav Government delivered a note of protest to M. Joseph Avenol, the French Secretary-General of the League of Nations. The Jugoslav note was strongly worded and flatly accused Hungarian officials of connivance in the crime of Marseilles: "The results of the investigation conducted after the assassination of H.M. King Alexander of Jugoslavia

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and the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Louis Barthou, at Marseilles have demonstrated that this criminal act was organized and executed with the participation of those terrorist elements who had taken refuge in Hungary and who have continued to benefit in that country from the same complicity as before, and it is only thanks to this complicity that the odious deed of Marseilles could have been perpetrated. . . . The facilities and the protection enjoyed by the criminals on Hungarian soil during the long and detailed preparation are almost beyond belief." Jugoslavia called upon the Council "to reestablish the confidence in international justice and morality which the tragic events of Marseilles have seriously shaken. It is absolutely necessary that the responsibility which has been incurred be denounced before the highest organ of the international community, for there would be no greater danger to peace and good international relations than the repressed resentment of a people at having been the victim, in the person of its most glorious chief, of criminal acts for which those responsible could escape a just punishment."

General Gömbös retaliated in a public statement in which he attacked Jugoslavia for "leveling accusations against Hungary without a detailed knowledge of the affair and on the basis of pretended proofs which are incapable of verification. . . . The Hungarian Government solemnly protests against the Jugoslav action and resents the accusation of complicity in the murder. As the Hungarian Government considers European peace endangered by the behavior of the Jugoslav Government, it desires the League of Nations to undertake a prompt and thorough-going investigation of the affair." A formal note of the same tenor was delivered to the Secretary-General on November 24.

In a supplementary memorandum of seventy-eight pages submitted on November 28, the Jugoslav Government set forth numerous details of its charges against Hungary, of which the gravamen was that Hungary persisted in feigning ignorance concerning the activities of the terrorists and refused to bring them to justice despite ample evidence furnished to the Hungarian police by the Jugoslav authorities. Dr. Tibor Eckhardt, the Hungarian delegate to the League Assembly, replied by charging that the information furnished by Jugoslavia was full of inaccuracies, that Hungary could not be held responsible for crimes of Croat refugees who were to be found scattered in every state of Europe and in America, and that the murder had been planned in Jugoslavia itself.

Jugoslavia had a good case; but it was to be badly compromised by her own bungling stupidity. For on the eve of the discussion of the Jugoslav complaint before the Council of the League, the Jugoslav Government initiated certain steps which put it in a very unfavorable light and at the same time played into the hands of the Hungarians, for it gave the latter an opportunity to raise the problem of the oppressed Hungarian minorities in dramatic form. On December 5 the Jugoslav authorities suddenly began deporting Hungarians who had neglected to acquire Jugoslav citizenship. On a few hours' notice, hundreds of Hungarian peasants were routed out of their homes, bundled into special trains, and unceremoniously shipped across the frontier to Hungary, where they arrived in various stages of exhaustion, bewilderment and fright. Peasants living on the Hunga-

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rian side of the border were reported as being in an ugly mood, and their tempers were further exacerbated by night forays into Hungarian territory said to be conducted by bands of Jugoslav irregulars. The tension was such that for a time observers were in momentary fear of a disastrous clash. The Hungarian Government, while taking every precaution to avert such an eventuality, for which it was ill prepared, none the less saw to it that the crude actions of the Jugoslav authorities received full publicity in the world's press, with appropriate embellishments. Prince Paul, the Chief Regent of Jugoslavia, who had been visiting London to attend the wedding of his sister-in-law, Princess Marina, to the Duke of Kent, returned to Belgrade on December 8. On the following day the expulsions were abruptly stopped, although not before some three thousand Hungarians had been deported. The Prince Regent had seen the adverse effect of the Jugoslav measures on the public opinion of foreign countries, and he angrily reprimanded his cabinet for botching the affair.

VI

On December 7 the dispute between Jugoslavia and Hungary came before the League Council in a tense atmosphere. Charges and counter-charges were hurled back and forth. All the issues that had already been raised were hashed and rehashed. Dr. Eckhardt, on Hungary's behalf, played up the Jugoslav expulsions to the limit in order to distract attention from the terrorist question, and took advantage of the loophole it afforded to inject into the argument the question of treaty revision. Jugoslavia was vigorously supported by her two allies of the Little Entente, Czechoslovakia and Rumania. But both France and Italy, though formally backing the causes of their respective protégés, exerted every effort behind the scenes to moderate the asperity of the disputants and to avert an open break. For the menace of Hitler had made the two Latin powers anxious to effect a mutual *rapprochement*, and they were irked that a Balkan quarrel threatened to undo all their good work. "In this grave debate France is on Jugoslavia's side," said M. Pierre Laval, the French Foreign Minister. But he followed up this reassurance with a veiled admonition to Jugoslavia couched in the form of a laudation. "With a sangfroid that has compelled the respect of all, with moving dignity Jugoslavia has faced misfortune. She has, with a calmness that has not been belied, that must not be belied, given proof of her strength and unity. And Europe has realized that the integrity of the Jugoslav state is necessary to peace. . . . Though her patriotism has been stricken to the heart, she has subdued her grief and has not sought, as did others twenty years ago, to take the law into her own hands. She has turned to Geneva; she awaits our decision. Nothing could better symbolize the progress that has been accomplished in international life; nothing could better manifest the firm determination of the Jugoslav Government to be the faithful champion of this progress."

Baron Pompeo Aloisi, the Italian delegate, adopted a similar attitude toward Hungary: formal support accompanied by a moderating influence. He paid tribute to Hungary's pride and sense of justice and expressed confidence that she would be vindicated, but added that "revisionism is not terrorism; one excludes the other."

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Under the pressure of France and Italy, an agreement was finally reached on December 10, and was embodied in a resolution adopted unanimously by the Council. As usually happens in such cases, it was a compromise. It refrained from accusing the Hungarian Government of direct complicity. It asserted that the Council was of the opinion that "certain Hungarian authorities may have assumed, at any rate through negligence, certain responsibilities relative to acts having connection with the preparation of the Marseilles crime," but took the sting out of this censure with a statement that it was convinced of the good will of the Hungarian Government to take at once "appropriate punitive action in the case of any of its authorities whose culpability may have been established," and requested Hungary "to communicate to the Council the measures it takes to this effect." The investigation and punishment of official negligence or complicity within her borders was thus left in the hands of Hungary, and her national pride was not humbled. Both Jugoslavia and Hungary concurred in this solution of the quarrel, and the world breathed more easily as it sidestepped still another war.

In irritating situations of this kind the League of Nations serves a useful function in acting as a safety valve through which excited disputants can let off steam under the moderating influence of neutral powers. In this sense the debates before the League Council may be said to provide what William James called a moral equivalent for war. According to Dr. Beneš, the Czechoslovak Foreign Minister, had King Alexander's assassination taken place before the League had come into existence, "War between Jugoslavia and Hungary would have been a dolorous and horrible reality." It still remains to be seen whether the League could be equally effective in handling a dispute between two major powers, when it would be more difficult for neutral countries to exercise a moderating influence upon angry passions.

VII

But though the latest crisis between Hungary and her neighbors has thus been surmounted without resort to war, nothing is to be gained by blinking the fact that no progress has been made in actually exorcising the underlying causes of discord. Hungary still clamors for revision. The Little Entente is still adamant in its opposition to any concessions; if anything, their hearts have been hardened by Hungary's stubborn persistence. "The revisionists would not be satisfied with minor frontier rectifications," asserted Dr. Beneš on December 14. "Their aim is to gain large territories. . . . I can not believe in the possibility of peaceable revision, since the aim of revisionism is to destroy the present status of Central Europe."

Revisionism, however, remains the be-all and end-all of Hungarian foreign policy. As long as this is so, Hungary must continue to be one of the danger spots of Europe. But without the support of some major power she can do nothing. So she continues her restless search for some potential ally who will lend aid to her revisionist claims. For this reason the Hungarians have looked askance at the recent reconciliation between Italy and France. This development seems to involve a *rapprochement* between Italy and Yugoslavia which can only be effected by Italy's withdrawing her support from Hungary's claims. If this takes place,

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Hungary will tend to draw closer to Germany.

There have of late been some diplomatic activities which may not be without significance as foreshadowing a reorientation of Hungarian foreign policy. The Hungarians are overlooking no possible ally, and in addition to the lines they have already run out to Germany and Italy, they have recently been seeking to improve their relations with Poland. Colonel von Papen, the German Minister to Austria, had a secret interview with General Gömbös at Budapest on September 29, and Gömbös followed this up with a visit to Warsaw on October 19. At about this time, the Hungarian press remarked on the desirability of establishing a common frontier with Poland—a project which could only be effectuated at the expense of Czechoslovakia. The Polish press reciprocated by complacently recalling that centuries ago the Poles and Magyars had fought as brothers in arms against the Czechs. On November 5 Gömbös journeyed to Rome, obviously to sound out Mussolini on the extent to which Italy is prepared to continue her support of Hungary. A visit by Gömbös to Berlin has been hinted at for the near future. While it is as yet impossible to gauge the true significance of all these comings and goings, they will bear watching. In view of the close relations that are already believed to obtain between Germany and Poland, these activities may presage the formation of a German-Polish-Hungarian bloc. It must not be forgotten that all three countries cherish the notion of expanding territorially at the expense of Czechoslovakia, which is practically surrounded by them, and a plan for the partition of that country may well constitute a bond of union between them.

It is, however, too early to say how the powers will ultimately line up. The Central European situation is made enormously complicated through the fact that so many countries are trying to carry water upon both shoulders. France is striving to consolidate her relations with Italy without alienating Jugoslavia. Italy is seeking to effect a *rapprochement* with Jugoslavia without losing her hold over Hungary. Hungary is jockeying to preserve good relations with both Italy and Germany, though these two countries are at daggers' points over the fate of Austria. Germany hesitates to commit herself to an unqualified support of Hungarian aspirations as long as there is any likelihood that Jugoslavia, resentful of the Franco-Italian *rapprochement*, may be detached from France and persuaded to enter the German camp. With so many countries working at cross-purposes in this gigantic diplomatic chess game, nobody can be sure what kind of a political omelet will finally be served up to delight or to horrify the world. One can only wait and see.

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Gloomy Old Party

By Norton McGiffin

Who believes that the Republicans are finished under their present name, but may have an excellent chance if they change it

The many doctors who have been anxiously waiting at the bedside of the Grand Old Pachyderm are perhaps wondering if there is any truth in the ancient African superstition that elephants never die. They hope the legend has some substantial basis in fact because it is going to be a long hard winter for the *jefe-politicos* of the Republican party if the animal turns up its toes.

Already the bald mahatma of Democracy, James A. Farley, has predicted the demise of the official opposition. A host of New Deal orators, in whom the wish is undoubtedly father to the thought, see in the Republican party a Humpty Dumpty so badly battered and scattered that the pieces can never again be firmly fitted into place. The master minds of the Democratic organization pray for the demolition of Republicanism, the whirling dervishes of the Rooseveltian Utopia likewise long for its destruction, and it is safe to assert that a large and ever growing number of those who still claim allegiance to the formerly Grand but now Gloomy Old Party are convinced by the recent drubbing that its political usefulness has ended.

The Republican chieftains, including that hardy perennial, Senator William E. Borah, are making much of the fact that the off-year elections just past saw the party of Abraham Lincoln cast 13,522,975 ballots, increasing its percentage of the total vote to forty-five. The theory that the only way the party can go from the debacle of 1932 is up no doubt accounts for the chuckling chirps of optimism which are beginning to be heard throughout the land. Political realists will get cold comfort from the election figures. Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg may rejoice in the reflection that the party might have done worse, but abler men than he have had their vision distorted, their judgment warped, by roseate dreams of occupying the White House. The Wolverine solon's opinion on the subject of Republican prospects for the future must be discounted inasmuch as he has been prominently "mentioned" as available for a presidential nomination two years hence.

It is true that a large percentage of the electorate stood in the Republican trenches this past November and battled manfully, resisting to the end the blandishments of Mr. Farley, the gifts

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of Santa Claus. Nevertheless, the G.O.P. leaders are afflicted with a myopic vision and a Pollyanna complex if they affect to see party regeneration in the near future. The Democratic or New Deal vote percentage was slashed from fifty-seven in 1932 to 54.6 in 1934, an unimportant recession of the tide which commenced to flow powerfully in the direction of economic radicalism two years ago. To all practical intents and purposes, Mr. Farley's cohorts are entrenched in the post offices for a long time to come.

One interesting feature of the 1934 election was the grim and machine-like regularity with which the storm troopers of Democracy mowed down opposition in the States which helped Grant take Richmond and marched with Sherman from Atlanta to the sea. When rock-ribbed Republican Pennsylvania spurns the able Senator David A. Reed and chooses twenty-three Democratic Congressmen from a State total of thirty-four, there is indubitably something rotten in Denmark. A generation which knows not Penrose has been conceived within the very shadow of the blast furnaces which belch smoky hosannas in praise of Joseph R. Grundy's established order.

Farther west Ohio and Illinois and Iowa, States which contributed countless regiments to fight for the freeing of the slave, deserted the faith of their fathers with their corn-hog allotment cheques grasped firmly in hands which have grown calloused during long years of agricultural depression. Wisconsin, which sent the Iron Brigade to stand like a stone wall at Gettysburg, has turned on the Republican party of Matt Carpenter and John C. Spooner. Minnesota, incurably loyal to the G.O.P. in the days of Norwegian Knute Nelson, has long since followed strange economic gods into Farmer-Labor radicalism. Oregon, the commonwealth of the Free Soilers, saw its Republican candidate for governor run a poor third in 1934.

The Democratic pluralities in 1934 were evenly distributed from Maine to Washington, from Michigan to the Mason-Dixon line. Below that historic boundary, the slaughter of the Republican innocents was terrific. Texas which cast 376,000 votes for Hoover in 1928 gave the 1934 G.O.P. gubernatorial choice a measly 3,710. Tennessee managed to reëlect two Republican Congressmen and three mountain counties in Georgia, still defiantly loyal to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, voted their usual sentiments. Throughout the length and breadth of the Deep South, however, the one-party system was more firmly buttressed than ever before, rooted in the immutable muck of partisan prejudice against the Republican organization which bears a label hateful since the days of Reconstruction.

II

Political America, like all Gaul, is divided into three parts. There is, or rather was, the Republican East, the section which now sends Peter G. Gerrys and David I. Walshes to speak its sentiments at Washington. There is the Solid South which kicked over the Democratic traces in 1928 and has been repenting in sackcloth and ashes ever since. And there is the independently minded and economically unorthodox West which threw up its broad-brimmed hat for Teddy and wiped tears from its hardy cheeks when Bryan spoke. To win an election, two of these three sections must be firmly

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knit together in political unity. The Democratic Wilson did it in 1916, allying the agricultural West and South against the industrial East. The Republican Harding followed suit in 1920, uniting the East and West to the discomfiture of the Southern Bourbons.

When we consider the campaign issues which won three political campaigns preceding the Roosevelt-Hoover fracas of 1932, we are forced to marvel that the Republican party ever retained any of its ancient virility, that aggressiveness which enabled it to dominate the Federal government for sixty years after the end of the Civil War. Carping critics would say that the party has been bereft of men and issues during the past fourteen years. In 1920, the German and Polish and Irish voters of the Middle West were scared into voting against James M. Cox for fear he would take us into the League of Nations and help perfidious Albion harm their respective homelands in the Council chamber at Geneva. Four years later silk-shirted laborers in the steel mills were being encouraged to "thank God for Coolidge." In 1928, the nomination of Alfred E. Smith goaded millions of hard liquor drinkers to cast their ballots for Prohibition. The "chicken in every pot" theory of economics was also being duly explained to the boot blacks and waitresses who had been buying Insull stocks on an exceedingly small margin.

A lot of water has flowed under the bridge since those days of prosperity. Republican leaders in Congress have unfortunately lived to see the enormous majorities of 1928 melt like spring snow in the Sierras. During the Hoover administration, the hollow shell of what was once a vital and vigorous political organism continued to exist, but the heart had almost ceased to diffuse life blood to its many withered limbs. The election of a Democratic House in 1930 revived memories of 1910 and caused political commentators to draw the deadly parallel between Messrs. Taft and Hoover. Mr. Roosevelt's predecessor, unable even as was the late Chief Justice to unite successfully the industrial East and the agricultural West, went down into inevitable defeat in 1932.

Only the most Tory Republicans will deny that the battle was lost long before the Waterloo of two years ago, long before the Old Guard died but did not surrender, lost when the generals of the party lost touch with the buck privates in the rear ranks. For the past decade, the rugged individualists at the top have withdrawn into the sacred confines of the Union League Club and refused to recognize political realities. Not only have they contemptuously ignored the immigrants who learned to vote the Democratic ticket while working in the steel mills of Pittsburgh, they have likewise high-hatted the simple sons of toil who inherited their Western quarter sections from veterans of the Union army.

The industrialists of the East, the stuffed shirts who tossed $10,000 cheques into the Republican campaign pot for favors duly acknowledged and received, long ago refused to see the storm signals of discontent which were hoisted west of Ohio in 1921. The agricultural Middle West was depressed a decade before the crash of '29, but the leaders of the Republican Party were not aware of the decreased buying power among the nation's 30,000,000 ruralites. Signs of moral decay were noted long before the roof fell in on Mr. Hoover. The Republican leader-

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ship was spiritually bankrupt in 1920 when supposedly smart politicians who felt that "any man" could win gathered in that smoke-filled Chicago hotel room and gave Warren G. Harding to the party and the nation.

Then came the saturnalia of folly at Washington in the first two Harding years, the high carnival of the boodlers, the popping of corks in the Little Green House on K Street, the Teapot Domes and the shameful sale of political influence to the highest bidder. The Republican leaders could no longer talk the homespun language of Abraham Lincoln. They had utterly lost the power to formulate policies the average voter could understand.

III

For the past decade the chief requisite of a Republican senatorial candidate in the East has been the possession of a "barrel." The Hamilton F. Keans and William M. Butlers and Joseph R. Grundys of the party have had large-sized fortunes they were not averse to using for the furtherance of their own and other political candidacies. They have been eminently respectable and utterly unapproachable. They have been gentlemen farmers, the fox-hunting Tory type of squire who is amazed to learn that the lower classes have white skins, akin to the ancient patroons of Knickerbocker days. These Republican magnates have kept control of the party organization by the simple expedient of financing its every campaign. Harding and Coolidge and Hoover were elected to office mainly because the various chairmen of the Republican National Committee had free and easy access to men worth millions. Only John J. Raskob rivaled them in the ability to tap this pipe line into the huge treasuries of the plutocratic few.

So long as the accumulation of dollars was the chief aim and desire of the masses, so long as they were content to collect hundreds while the "big shots" amassed millions, the Republican party was riding high, if for a fall. The moment the speculative house of cards toppled, the day the stock market started on that deadly zoom from the heights to the depths, the organization folded up like an accordion, its leaders bleating piteously and begging their irate fellow countrymen to sit tight and desist from rocking the boat.

As the twilight of depression deepened, the gloom on the faces of the Republican leaders was painful to contemplate. Few of them had ever read a book on economics, an illiteracy which was shared with their Democratic opponents. The millionaires who contributed to their campaign funds, the industrial magnates who thought that production could outrun consumption forever, had spent their spare time ridiculing and deriding the British relief system. The Deity was praised because the dole did not exist in the United States. Deliberately confusing unemployment insurance with cash relief, they poisoned the minds of an American electorate easily misled by slogans, they conducted an insane policy of propaganda against the English capitalists who were taking sensible measures to safeguard and preserve the profit system.

After three long hard years of depression, the thought that this drab situation might exist for some time to come percolated slowly into the consciousness of the Republican high command. Belated efforts to look and act like champions of the underdog were then made. The Reconstruction Fi-

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nance Corporation and various farm loan and credit agencies then came into being, created to help check the downward spiral of deflation. A halting and confused system of Federal relief for the unemployed was grudgingly established, all progressive steps stoutly opposed by a large segment of the Republican party which never read the newspapers. Unfortunately, the millions in the bread lines could not appreciate the constitutional niceties of their arguments. As a result, the Democratic propagandists crawled out from underneath the woodwork and, with an unabashed demagoguery which was the admiration and despair of their sweating opponents, diabolically charged the G.O.P. with being deaf to the cries of the starving masses.

In view of the fact that the Republicans cast forty-five per cent of the popular vote in 1934, ultra-conservative party leaders like Bertrand Snell of New York are commencing to leave their shell holes and predict that everything is going to be just dandy. The idea that the party can return to power merely by sitting tight and waiting for the Roosevelt Administration to make mistakes seems a grotesque one to any who take a realistic view of the American political scene. The Snell theory, borrowing a favorite figure of speech from President Roosevelt, is for the Republican team to kick on first down and wait for the breaks, praying for the safety man in the White House to fumble the ball. If the gentleman from Potsdam will pardon the criticism, gridiron contests may be won that way, but not elections. Something more than a "safety first" attitude of watchful waiting is demanded by an electorate which is more highly articulate and emotional than it has ever been before.

It is true that the Republican party, all things considered, held its lines in remarkable fashion during the recent campaign, but the resistance came almost entirely from the doughboys in the trenches. The high command of the G.O.P. was picked off on all fronts. Kean, Reed, Fess, Robinson, Patterson, from New Jersey to Missouri and points west, all fell before the withering barrage of Democracy. Compared with the Republican percentage of the popular vote, the party's representation in Congress is absolutely pitiable. Less than twenty-five per cent of the Senate adheres to the G.O.P., less than twenty-eight per cent of the House.

IV

Those conservatives who feel that the Republican party has no excuse for existing may, but need not, shrink from the responsibility of inventing its successor. The Whig organization refused to face the living issue of the hour and went the way of the Federalists. It is considered expensive to build a new party from the grass roots and introduce it to the voters, yet many radical groups in the Middle West have not hesitated to promote such organizations. The Greenback, the Populist, the La Follette Progressive party, all came into being without benefit of millionaires. A new conservative party has a set of financial angels waiting to receive it with open arms, the American Liberty League which has been collecting its devaluated dollars with such deliberation. It would seem that some of that group's funds might well be diverted for the formation of an organization whose leadership would appeal primarily to that great middle class of American voters which detests Wall Street and Moscow with equal fury.

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Where would a new and progressive conservative party get its recruits? Mainly from Republican ranks. In addition a large segment of the Democratic voters could be easily seduced from the standard of an organization which is more Rooseveltian than Jeffersonian. The antics of the Brain Trust have not set well in the South. Those who follow the intellectual leadership of Carter Glass abound in every Dixie community. Because of the social stigma attached to the name Republican, they have been loath to leave the Democratic party. A new organization with a more attractive label would entice them into making a joyous exit from a group which includes the Tugwells and Sinclairs and Ickeses and others of the professorial pure in heart.

The Republican rank and file would be glad to join a new conservative party. Unlike their leaders, they have everything to gain and nothing to lose. The few remaining jobholders of the G.O.P. would of course fight against it, tooth and nail, but what is left of the Republican party can not long be held together merely by the cohesive power of public plunder. It can not continue to function only for the purpose of electing Republican governors in Vermont and Delaware. Those who claim that the name is still politically effective need only look at the mournful results of the last election to realize how deeply it has sunk in public estimation. Not even Pennsylvania can be held in line for the party these days.

Almost all political commentators agree that there is a distinct need for an intelligent and critical opposition to the national Administration. A party in power, especially one which is in a position to placate various sections of the electorate with substantial subsidies, becomes a menace to democracy without the corrective influence of honest if slightly waspish adversaries. The Republicans can never function in that capacity. In the popular mind, their party remains the bulwark of the Mitchells, the Insulls, the Dohertys, the Dohenys, the Daughertys, the Falls. It sponsored a phony prosperity, it gave hypocritical lip service to a Prohibition policy which patently roused the animosity of millions, it acted for the past decade as a little brother to the Wall Street magicians, it is anathema to the masses who have forgotten, if they ever knew, that the Republican party was created of, by and for working men who resented the unfair competition of slave labor.

The Democratic party today can not get any constructive criticism from the gentlemen of the G.O.P. because so few of them survive as Congressional leaders. At least half of those who made the grade last November are Republicans of the Cutting type. Their idea of a proper cure for the existing depression is the creation of a public works programme which will increase by millions the number of those who draw their annual stipends from the Federal government. They view with utter complacency the complete break-down of private industry in competition with alphabetical activity, they long for bigger and better EPICs.

It is quite probable that the average Republican would mark his ballot as gladly for Carter Glass in 1936 as he would for any one of the surviving G.O.P. Senators whose moral and intellectual calibre is so decidedly inferior to that of the Virginian. A party which could absorb the millions of Republican voters into its ranks, securing its leadership from that virile Democratic group which includes Alfred E.

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Smith, Newton D. Baker, Bainbridge Colby and Albert C. Ritchie, would make a definite and lasting impression upon American politics. It might not win in 1936, but the atmosphere would be cleared for a clean-cut fight four years later in which a conservative party of liberal outlook could accept the socialistic challenge, stealing enough of Mr. Roosevelt's political clothes to beat Mr. Farley at his own game. Then we should see where we stand.

Now All Within My Household Sleep

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

Now all within my household keep
The strange, sad carnival of sleep.

They move between the half-seen faces
And the bottomless dark spaces.

Too deep in feeling for any mirth,
One foot on air and one on earth.

Too far down to dance or sing,
Close to the breath of death's dark wing.

A sun might blossom on every tree
And they not lift their eyes to see.

They go, and do not know at all
Whither. They see cities fall.

I see by their faces how they are;
I might be gazing at a star

For any pattern of sure kind.
They are drifting free of mind,

Free of everything save fear,
And that forever vague, unclear.

But day will come, and they will rise
Smiling people, and have eyes.

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Can China Stem the Communist Tide?

By Gerhard Hirschfeld

Economic factors make the answer a disturbing one

If poverty is the cross upon the back of capitalism, economic misery and despair are the Eden in which Communism raises its finest fruits. Invariably, the Bible of the Bolshevists has its largest sales and its most devoted following at those times and in those countries where hopes are at their lowest level. Communism took over the German government when a lost War, a tremendous strain during the preceding four years and an absolutely hopeless outlook for the future drove the capitalists, the aristocrats, the monarchists and several other "ists" to shelter, leaving the political arena to the Socialists and their brethren on the extreme Left.

Communism swept Italy shortly after the great conflict for a definite reason: the government failed in the adjustment of post-War difficulties, failed to provide for the millions of soldiers, failed to steer the country's economic course securely into peacetime requirements. Thus was created uncertainty, insecurity, poverty—a fertile field for Communism. Soviet Russia is, of course, the outstanding example of the soil on which Marxism flourishes. The countries of Latin America have strong and active Communist parties, and have had them ever since their starving masses discovered that Lenin was not speaking only to the Russian *kulak*. And now China, though of course she is not a new member of the Temple of Bolshevism since her Red hordes have been preaching the word of Marx with fire and sword for more than a decade. If one is to believe the communiqués of government generals, the Communists have been defeated a hundred times, they have been driven underground and eliminated altogether. Yet, here they are, millions upon millions of them roaming the country, destroying property, ransacking villages and killing the population. Apparently, there are two versions as to the true course of the civil war.

Communism in China is undoubtedly alive and growing out of its baby togs. It will keep growing because the economic factors that make for it are steadily developing into a phase of deterioration and economic decomposition which is the true Paradise for the Adams and the Eves of the world brotherhood union.

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China is, and has been for the last four thousand years, a predominantly agricultural country. It is true that in some cities along the coast manufacturing has been developing rapidly. Nevertheless, about eighty per cent of the country's immense population of 450,000,000 people live on the land. Their holdings, which are either rented or owned, are so small that a single crop failure means the difference between bare subsistence for another season and complete ruin. This goes for normal times.

Today, with the country in the turmoil of factional disputes and civil war, in the grip of scores of war lords, here pillaged by Red bandits and there plundered by federal troops, the peasant's lot has become insufferable—for all but the stoic pupils of Buddha. The return from their yearly toil has been going to whoever happened to be in possession of the towns and villages—and it made little difference whether the plate was passed around in the name of the government treasury or of some warlord. It could even have been the Japanese for all that it mattered.

To understand the plight of the peasants, one should remember that about half of them do not own the land; on top of their other difficulties, they have to pay rent. The average peasant family consists of five or six members, and the average annual income per family is, believe it or not, fifty dollars or about nine dollars per person, translated into American money. Just how the warlords manage to squeeze anything at all out of the poor peasant is hard to understand in view of the fact that in a normal year only about one-quarter of the peasant population are able to avoid going into debt while the remaining three-quarters spend on the average ten per cent in excess of their income. What do they do, then, to meet the warlords and the tax collectors half-way? They are forced to sell or mortgage their crops even before the seed is in the ground.

Under these circumstances, bankruptcy becomes an event of monotonous regularity. What is left by the oppressor is taken from the farmer by floods, droughts, plant diseases and pests, caused by locusts and other insects. In addition about two million farmers have been killed by the marauding bands, another ten million were driven from their lands; perhaps the same number have been pressed into military service either by the government or the Communists, and finally, millions of the more active and venturesome have sought a kinder fate in the neighboring Manchukuo. Such is the rural picture of modern China.

II

The internal chaos has led to an economic anomaly of truly disastrous proportions. This country, whose proportion of population engaged in agriculture is the highest in the world, still fails to produce enough rice and cotton and wheat for her own requirements. In 1933, China bought food from abroad amounting to no less than a quarter of her total imports, and this excludes large quantities of sugar which were smuggled in. The imports of rice, wheat and cotton balance the proceeds of about two-thirds of all exports. As for the export trade, it is obvious that the domestic situation has not exactly favored increased production. Other factors have added to the handicap of lack of political stability. Manchuria, one of the best outlets, was lost to Japan, which after the annexation of this large state increased her exports

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within eight months by about 100,000,000 yen; this trade volume would otherwise have gone to China. The world depression, of course, accounts for a large proportion of the loss of the principal exports. Then again, variations in quality of silk and tea are a great handicap which could hardly be removed without an organization for grading, testing and marketing.

Thus, in the first eleven months of 1934, China's unfavorable trade balance reached the total of $466,000,000, with imports amounting to $958,000,000, and exports to $492,000,000. The total trade volume of $1,424,000,000 shows a decided drop when compared with $1,815,000,000 for the corresponding period of 1933, a loss of more than twenty per cent. China, like many another agricultural country, imports more than she exports; in this, she is no different from such countries as Peru or Colombia a few years ago. But these South American countries have seen to it that, first, they produced within their own borders an increasing portion of their food requirements, secondly, that they emphasized the production of special products, as, for instance, oil in Venezuela, cotton in Peru, coffee in Colombia, and finally, that they reduced imports as much as possible by establishing their own manufacturing industries. In this way, a number of predominantly agricultural countries have worked up to a point of economic stability where in spite of undeveloped or little developed sources and industrial facilities they actually have a favorable trade balance.

Why can not China follow in their tracks? Some of the reasons which handicap the natural economic development of this huge territory have been given above. The exploitation of the farmer does away with his profit. The only incentive left is in making a living, no matter how meagre. The peasant can not be expected to understand the notion of profitability. Profits are taken away from him even before they are made. Hence, it is not likely that China will in the near future produce more of her own food requirements unless the profit incentive is restored to the peasant. Other obstacles prevent unification and specialization of production.

The interior of China is torn and disrupted into a great number of small production centres, if one really can call them by that name. Take, for example, the production of wheat in only one province, Honan, and see how prices differ even between the villages. The index used is based on January, 1933, as 100; the year is 1933:

	January	*April*	*July*	*October*
County of Wuchih	100	194	107	111
County of Chenliu	100	67	60	54
County of Jungyang	100	132	76	73
County of Nanchao	100	80	30	40
County of Yuhsien	100	86	66	60

The table makes it clear that whereas the price of wheat rises nearly 100 per cent in one county during April, in nearby villages it drops during the same time by more than thirty per cent. By what method or system the price scale is regulated, if at all, I do not profess to know. But it would seem that the example is duplicated in many other provinces, as well as in other products, for instance, cotton in the province of Shansi. The same indices as they apply to wheat are used in the following table:

	January	*April*	*July*	*October*
County of Kwangling	100	163	174	112
County of Shihsien	100	100	70	36
County of Chiehsiu	100	91	64	66
County of Pinglu	100	143	107	84
County of Juicheng	100	98	44	33

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The interior prices of cotton are just as irregular and unsteady as those of wheat. In July they went up to 174, a rise of seventy-four per cent, in the county of Kwangling, and in the same month they dropped fifty-six per cent in the county of Juicheng. In view of this crazy situation in the interior, it may be readily understood why rice and wheat and cotton, the chief products of a tremendous agricultural country, have to be imported from abroad, instead of flooding foreign markets.

III

Furthermore, there is the communications system, which because of the tremendous territorial expanse is among the first and most important prerequisites of economic development. It so happens that China has the advantage of an exceptional system of water transport. Her extended coastline serves the maritime towns where the greatest economic progress has been made; her rivers, with canals acting as feeders, serve certain parts of the interior, and, since they flow west and east, should be an excellent aid to ocean traffic. However, river and canal traffic is extremely slow, and it has been found that transport by road offers much greater opportunity for development. But while much road construction has recently been undertaken, it is hardly more than a drop in the bucket, again considering the vast amount of territory involved. Besides, roads are a poor substitute for railways as the framework of a system of communications. Railway construction therefore remains the principal problem.

The present railway system is thoroughly inadequate for China's needs. It comprises some 7,000 miles of track of which only about 5,000 miles are main line. Practically all the railways were built between 1904 and 1911, chiefly with foreign capital; it is no wonder that their condition is deteriorating and their equipment becoming defective. The area covered is very small; there are in fact hardly more than two main railway systems running north and south. Enormous regions, like Szechuen, are not served at all. Why are not more railroads being built? The first answer is that there is no capital for railway construction available. Foreign capital refuses to come in as long as political instability makes any sort of investment a hazard. In addition, mismanagement and top-heavy indebtedness are not precisely attractions to foreign investors.

In the last twenty years passenger traffic receipts have gone up considerably; but those from goods traffic—which is the crucial point in economic development—have remained stationary. Fifteen years ago the ratio of operating expenses to operating revenue was fifty-four per cent; five years ago it had risen to sixty-five per cent; today it is even higher. The increase in personnel, often unnecessary, and in administrative and operating expenses largely accounts for the decline in profitability. Total railway indebtedness amounts at present to a billion dollars, of which three-quarters represent capital, and the balance interest arrears; two-thirds of the loans are in default. Of the total loans eighty-five per cent are foreign and fifteen per cent domestic. Thus, railway development offers little hope for the near future. With greater political stability and a settlement of management problems, there is little doubt that foreign capital would be forthcoming again, and that other capital would follow in the wake

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of economic enterprise thus created. But is there no indication of railway reorganization, nor of greater political stability.

IV

Retarded economic development has naturally caused increasing indebtedness in China. Farmers are in debt, railroads are in debt, foreign trade creates additional debts every year and, last but by no means least, the government has crowned all these achievements by creating its own record debt which tops all others. The whole of the public debt of the Chinese government is estimated at about $4,500,000,000 which consists of:

Foreign debt, regularly served	$692,000,000
Domestic debt regularly served	894,000,000
Boxer indemnity	380,000,000
Foreign and domestic debt, on which service is suspended	1,650,000,000
Railway loans	880,000,000
	$4,496,000,000

This debt is steadily increasing because under present circumstances it is next to impossible to create a balanced budget. Take, for example, the 1933–34 budget, with expenditures of $830,000,000. Of this total, only about $9,000,000 went to business, industry and transport, or a bit over one per cent. In contrast, military expenditures swallowed more than half, and service on the above loans required another twenty-seven per cent. Obviously, the government is in no position to further the economic development of the country. Besides, it faces difficulties in obtaining new loans from abroad unless it is willing to cut down the item of military expenditures, at the same time transferring interest on old and new loans.

Here a word about the American silver policy. A false conception about the meaning of silver to the Chinese people must be corrected. In the first place, the standard currency of seventy-five per cent of the people is not silver: they are much too poor to count their worldly wealth in silver; they exchange copper and bronze coins, and it is probably true that most of them never have even seen silver and would not know what it was if they stumbled across a silver coin in the rice fields. Secondly, the rest of the Chinese do use silver as their currency, but they do not produce it. If they want it, they have to buy it. Hence, if the price of silver rises—as it did in consequence of Washington's silver policy—the Chinese obtain a better price on their holdings. In other words, their currency turns into a commodity. They export it. Silver exports in the first eleven months of 1934 amounted to no less than $263,000,000.

This immense drain on the country's silver supply caused the Finance Minister to impose an embargo on silver shipments, along with a special tax and an export duty. But this has not stopped the outflow of silver; it merely transformed official exports into smuggled exports. There is no indication of a let-up in silver exports. This, of course, will diminish the Chinese stocks, and the alternative will remain of either "going off silver" or buying new silver stocks, at a considerably higher price. In neither case will there be any gain for China's trade and commerce.

V

This completes—in miniature form—the picture of modern China. It is a picture of extreme poverty and, what is worse, of a distorted national economy. By far the best chance for economic recovery lies in the development

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of domestic consumption and buying power. Right at home there are hundreds of millions of Chinese without the barest necessities of life. They would represent a stupendous potential market if they were given a chance to make a little profit with which to buy the basic requirements as well as the little conveniences of life.

For a number of years, Soviet Russia left her masses starving, too. But instead of giving bread and flour to the poor, they shipped wheat and other agricultural products to foreign markets and received railroad material and machinery in return with which the government gradually built up the country's economy and industry. Not so with China. Things are imported which should be exported; and export goods are not used to import the things China needs most: industrial equipment, rails, locomotives and so on.

The government can not move backward or forward. Instead of subsidizing the farmer, the engineer, the entrepreneur, it pours enormous amounts of money into military enterprise, continuing a civil war which has lasted more than fifteen years and which looks as if it might last forever—for it is just as impossible to conquer Communism in China as Napoleon found it to conquer Russia. Meanwhile, foreign capital so urgently needed for the building up of a primitive country sits back and waits for the fog to lift.

These are the elements which produce the storm of Communism. Where people have nothing to lose but their poverty, where they have everything to gain, despair—the toughest opposition for any government—blossoms. The outlook is all in favor of the Bolsheviks. One may consider it merely a matter of time before Communism is organized sufficiently to attack the federal forces on a broad front with overwhelming numerical strength—and a similar matter of time before the government finds itself unable to finance its resistance.

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Behind the Tambourine

By Marquis James

The romantic story of Catherine and William Booth, who began the Salvation Army

A girl in the street jingling a tambourine, a presentable young man on your doorstep collecting old newspapers and clothing, and at Christmas-tide those free-hand representations of Santa Claus with pot and bell: by these outward signs do most of us know the Salvation Army, accepting them as visible manifestations of an endeavor that reaches into the sombre shadowlands of life affording hope and regeneration to those broken upon the wheel of adversity. We hear vaguely and approvingly of the Army's shelters for the homeless, its work in the prisons and among discharged prisoners, its hospitals and convalescent homes for unmarried mothers. We virtuously endorse its maxim that "A Man May Be Down But He's Never Out" —and leave the realization thereof to the Army.

We leave it to hands singularly competent and versatile. Behind the girl with a tambourine stand colleagues the world over—in leper camps, in remote criminal settlements including that of French Guiana, in the steaming jungles of India, the yellow plains of northern China, the heart of Africa. In eighty-six countries and colonies the Army articulates its diverse labors in eighty tongues. Tangible wealth and property are things the Army cares least about, yet in the United States alone its holdings are valued at $40,000,000. To such estate has grown within living memory an institution whose pioneers were stoned in London streets and imprisoned in London jails. Success prospered their efforts because they held to their goal of grappling with the substance of human misfortune rather than the shadow of it; and moreover because the spirit of the Army represents now what it represented six years ago, the translation into organization and action of one of the Nineteenth Century's most remarkable romances—the little-known love story of Catherine and William Booth.

II

In the springtime of 1852 these two met at a tea-party. The host, an altruistically inclined London boot manufacturer named Rabbits, had heard the young man preach in a Reform Chapel of the Methodist Church. Young Booth's unschooled eloquence, his tremendous earnestness, so swayed Mr. Rabbits that after the service he sought out William and learned his story. Son of a congenital failure and remarkable

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liar, who fed his starved brood on tales of a vanished family prosperity always about to be redeemed, William knew disillusionment early in life and made the intimate acquaintance of poverty in the manufacturing town of Nottingham. At thirteen the boy was apprenticed to a pawnbroker and at sixteen he began to preach in the streets. In a year he was the head of a nameless little band which included such personages as Besom Jack, the wife-beater, whom young Booth had prevailed upon to modify his ideas of the marriage relationship. At nineteen William entered the service of another pawnbroker in London and on Sundays would put a Bible in his pocket and head for the slums.

Mr. Rabbits's tea-party was a celebration of William's release from the pawnbroker whose calling William despised, although it had proved a serviceable laboratory in which to observe the spiritual and material needs of the poor —and had impressed upon the young man the affinity between the two. Mr. Rabbits had proposed to finance William for three months as a preacher. Proud of his protégé, the good man begged William to recite a soggy American poem, *The Grog-Seller's Dream.* The tall young speaker was not quite twenty-three and carelessly attired. But in a moment the hearers had forgotten that. They were conscious only of the arresting eyes, the flexible lines of a strong, thin, apperceptive face dominated by a "Wellington" nose—inherited from Booth's mother who was probably Jewish—an orator's voice, untrained, not always grammatical but always commanding.

The sentiments of the poem were accorded a mixed reception, for not all present were teetotallers, but the speaker had left his impress—and on none so strongly as on Catherine Mumford, a comely oval-faced girl with dimples. William escorted her home and knew he was in love.

When Mr. Rabbits's bounty ended, the Reformed Methodists established William as a lay preacher. He was surprisingly successful, lionized at tea-parties and worshiped by the poor. Then the church sought to prepare its recruit for higher stations with a period of polishing at a theological college. Catherine Mumford had a hand in this, for as William's wooing proceeded she undertook to shape the destinies of her suitor. Booth had personality and a militant imagination, but Catherine was his superior in intellectual force, and she was the more level-headed and patient. William could not stick the tedium of the classroom. Thumbing a Latin grammar was not his way of preparing to alleviate suffering in the world, which to him went hand-in-hand with the extinction of sin. So he chucked the classes, swept Catherine to the altar, declined a soft church post in London and with his bride took to the road as an evangelist under the sponsorship of the Methodist New Connexion, latest of the liberal church movements.

III

For two years they tramped the face of England, living like gypsies, often penniless, often hungry because of private generosities, but radiantly joyful in a love that had realized ten-fold every anticipation of courtship. It was a love which, like William Booth's theory of religion, declined to scorn the flesh. "How very much I should like to see you today, to hold you in my arms and look at you and cover you with

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warm and earnest kisses." In a lodging house in Halifax Catherine brought their first-born into the world and caught up with her husband at his next stop.

The tour came to an end when the New Connexion terminated Booth's evangelistic work. Rivals were jealous, conservatives alarmed at his furious methods. The journeyman was weary and accepted a year's rest in the pastorate of a grimy little factory town where their second child was born. In 1861 Booth served notice on the annual Conference at Liverpool that he would withdraw from the New Connexion if his demands for a renewal of evangelism were not met. The Conference offered a compromise. Booth hesitated, turned to the visitors' gallery and questioned his wife with a glance. Catherine rose in her place and in a voice that made the rafters ring shouted, "Never!" Amid cries of "Order! Order!" William Booth waved his hat in the direction of the door and passed out, to embrace Catherine at the foot of the gallery stair.

Together they confronted the world, without a church behind them, without a settled plan, and with hardly a shilling in their pockets. To London they carried their four babies, William plunging into the slums while Catherine, the shrewd and capable manager, established herself in the drawing-rooms of the West End where a woman preacher was an oddity and hostesses were out to greet their guests with the newest thing under the sun. The wife's heart was in her husband's work which she felt she could further best by earning enough to keep the family together. When William's health broke under the strain she took his place in their chosen field. "Send me a little love-talk," he wrote to her. This was an old plea, for he was never without one of her letters in his purse.

Three years of flailing efforts found the two evangelists with little to show in the way of achievement, no following worthy of a name, and family life a desperate improvisation. Attractive terms of surrender presented from time to time in the form of offers from the churches. The Booths declined them all. William did not criticize the churches, but more and more the conviction laid hold of him that these institutions were incapable of coping with the peculiar problems of England's poor. He saw drink-sodden, vice-ridden millions sinking deeper into the sloughs of hopelessness as the churches inspired in them feelings of derision rather than reverence. Defeat upon defeat, effort upon effort splintering in futility, only seemed to confirm the faith of William and Catherine Booth in their ability ultimately to triumph where others had failed. Failure to them meant only squaring off for a fresh start.

IV

One such start was made in 1864 when Booth and a little knot of followers took their stand on Mile End Waste, a dismal stretch of derelict land near Whitechapel. Their singing drew a crowd from the Vine and Blind Beggar public houses. Booth's rugged eloquence held that crowd as he brandished his umbrella and flayed Demon Rum. Part of a drunkard's psychology is a sentimental tolerance of critics of his weakness. But when the gaunt, earnest man offered the creed of Jesus Christ as a substitute for the illusory consolation of the waters of destruction some one jeered. Religion was a subject upon which Booth's auditors en-

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tertained no liberal opinions. Though catcalls drowned his voice Booth spoke on. Mud, garbage, stones flew through the air. William and his band held their ground dodging and fending off missiles as best they could. Finally they retreated, the tall leader still waving his umbrella and crying out things that were unheard.

Next night he was back, only to be routed again. The night after that he returned—with the same result. In this cause or that courage is a quality that challenges admiration. A few who had flung mud at earlier meetings began to range themselves beside the preacher. Among these was an ex-pugilist who, despite William's order to turn the other cheek, remembered enough of his old profession to diminish the enthusiasm of some of the disturbers. Owners of contiguous pubs, finding that this scare-crow preacher was emptying their places, hired thugs to annoy the meetings. To meet this opposition an organization imperceptibly formed itself which Booth called the Christian Mission. Thus on Mile End Waste the Salvation Army came into being, though it was not so named until fifteen years later. The Mission attained to the dignity of a tent, then an abandoned warehouse for week-day services. Sunday services were held in a dance-hall whose normal activities were discontinued on the Sabbath by police regulation.

The spiritual reservoir upon which the embattled leader drew for inspiration was his home, into which during these turmoiled early days of the Army the eighth and last child was born. A visitor to this domicile said it reminded her of a railway station because it was so busy and so wanting in confusion, a condition largely due to the administrative ability of the mother. But father contributed to the prevailing spirit of cheerfulness; in Booth's home a hearty laugh was reckoned as half a prayer. One Christmas a family celebration was planned culminating in a dinner. It was not to cost an extra penny, only a little additional work in which the family collaborated with zest. Christmas morning Booth rose early to hold a service. In his absence the house was put in festal array, the home-made presents brought out, the dinner prepared. Father returned white and drawn. He tried to admire the presents and join the children in a frolic; useless. Suddenly he burst out, "I'll never have a Christmas Day like this again! The poor have nothing but the public house!"

Nor did he, or any Booth. Next Christmas they distributed 150 plum puddings, most of them baked in the Booth oven. The famous soup kitchens followed, capturing the attention of all London.

V

Booth had struck his stride. No longer were his enormous energies diffused into space. He fought the devil with the devil's weapons. Giving his followers bright uniforms and banners, drums, trumpets and tambourines, he bade them play and sing gay tunes. The "barracks" of his Army were by design actual rivals of the public houses—warm, well-lighted, cheerful places where piety was crammed down no man's throat. Recruits flowed to the leader's standard, and when they joined the Army they knew its terms. "Garibaldi," writes St. John Ervine, "offered his Thousand wounds and death; and got his Thousand. Booth offered half-educated or illiterate workmen and servant girls calumny and hunger and

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pain and persecution and a strict obedience to their general's commands; and he got an army that went across the world."

The conquest of England was the first objective. Evangelical parties were pushed out over the roads that Catherine and William Booth knew so well. These activities spurred to fresh assaults an opposition led, from different motives, by the churches and the liquor interests. The Army's processions were the targets for garbage and dead cats. Outdoor meetings were systematically broken up. Indoor meetings were disconcerted by blowing smoke down the chimney and firing trails of gunpowder. A great outcry went up from the pious when Booth discontinued the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper because he found that even the odor of wine was a peril to converts snatched from alcoholism. The Church of England was so misled by the tide of current libel as to pronounce formally certain night services of the Army a danger to morals of young girls.

In one year 669 Salvationists, including 251 women, were knocked down and beaten, fifty-six buildings of the Army stormed and damaged, eighty-six Salvationists imprisoned. The police usually sided with the heterogeneous opposition. The Army thrived on these attacks. The devotion of Booth's followers was such that the Commanding General issued a general order against starvation when he found Salvationists contributing their infinitesimal salaries to further the Army's war chest.

The Booths were now in a position to give full reign to their flair for the audacious. Their crusade against white slavery had enlisted the aid of W. T. Stead, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Bramwell Booth, the oldest son, and Stead made a plan to buy a girl simply to demonstrate that this could be done. In the Army's ranks was Rebecca Jarrett who had once made her living at that sort of thing. She attended to the arrangements whereby a girl was taken to a bawdy house, drugged and sold to Stead. When the editor exposed the transaction in his paper, he was arrested along with Bramwell Booth and Mrs. Jarrett, on the strength of their own admissions. Although they had actually rescued the girl from a life of immorality, technically these three had broken the law in so doing. A court freed Bramwell, but Stead and Mrs. Jarrett went to jail. Such daring gestures made countless new friends for the Army.

In 1886 William Booth came to the United States, where six years before George Scott Railson had landed at the head of an "expeditionary force" of seven "Hallelujah lasses" who dropped on their knees outside the immigration office in New York and claimed another continent for Christ. Booth was now fifty-seven, conscious of his power, and confident. Yet the fountain of his inspiration was still Catherine. "Send me love-letters," he wrote, "and particulars about yourself. What you do and what time you retire and whether you read in bed. Indeed anything about yourself, your dear self."

Always with one of his wife's letters in his pocket the leader toured America. He captured the imagination of America and when he departed the future of the Army here was assured.

VI

Mrs. Booth was frail in health, all her life having suffered from an affliction of the spine. When the pain in her

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body was more than she could stand, she was prevailed upon to consult an eminent physician. Without comment she heard his verdict. She had cancer and could not live two years. At a window William awaited the return of the cab to their home and ran out to help her up the steps. Smiling through her tears she told him of her doom. William tried to speak but no words came.

A few weeks before her death Catherine removed her wedding ring and slipped it on her husband's finger. To the Army she dictated a message. "My Dear Children and Friends: I have loved you much, and have helped you little. Fight on. I will meet you in Heaven." A countless multitude gathered to see "the Mother of the Salvation Army" laid to rest in Abney Park Cemetery. Though bowed with sorrow William could not let pass this opportunity to exhort sinners to seek the throne of grace. He spoke in the name of Catherine. "She was good, a thorough hater of sham, hypocrisies and make-believes. She was love, her whole soul full of tender, deep compassion. She was a warrior. She said not to others, 'Go,' but, 'Here, let me go.'"

After Catherine's death William became a wanderer, visiting the ever-expanding chain of Army outposts in the far quarters of the earth. His children and grandchildren were in the ranks and in high stations of command. The General had many of the qualities of a despot, and these irked particularly the second son, Ballington, who eventually seceded from the Army and started the rival Volunteers of America in the United States. Promptly the General-in-Chief directed that he be carried as a "deserter" on the Army rosters.

Upon the founder's death, in 1912, Bramwell Booth succeeded his father. Six years ago another schism in the family came to light in a contest which resulted in the deposition of the aged and infirm Bramwell from command. Evangeline, the youngest child but one, had built in America an Army organization that overshadowed in prestige and power the London headquarters. Her name was offered for the succession and only after a spirited contest, sharply dividing the Booth family, did her supporters admit defeat. But last autumn when Eva, as she is called in the home circle, was finally elevated to the supreme command, there was a public reconciliation with Bramwell's widow and daughter. It was genuine, for the Booths do not do such things for show.

William Booth himself lived to see the institution that he had brought into being by flourishing an umbrella and dodging garbage on Mile End Waste become one without a peer in the world. He saw it acquire banks, insurance companies, publishing houses, factories, farms and hospitals. He saw the recruits he took from public houses and brothels replaced by graduates of Army cadet schools. The old man who had limped home cut and bleeding from the manhandling of mobs while the police looked on with hands in their pockets lived to exchange quips with jovial King Edward, to dine in the White House and be called into consultation by the heads of governments throughout Europe. In his last public appearance, on May 12, 1912, the patriarch told an audience filling vast Albert Hall that 200,000 homeless men slept that night under roofs of the Salvation Army. And only Queen Victoria's funeral drew a throng larger than that which saw this Christian soldier borne to rest beside his Catherine.

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Doing Business with Russia

By A. A. Boublikoff

The American business man, if he is to gain any advantage from trade with the Soviets, must enter it in a very unorthodox manner

Now that recognition has been granted to the Soviets, all tender feelings have been expressed and the celebration is over, the time has come to "talk turkey"—to do some real business, if any is possible.

Citizens all over the country are beginning to ask with some impatience: where is the half-billion-a-year business with Russia which was promised by the politicians as a return for recognition?

At the outset, one thing has to be borne in mind—namely, that this business can not be done in the customary, haphazard American way; Russia is entirely too big to be treated as an ordinary customer. From a business point of view, Russia represents a tremendous universal trust, horizontal as well as vertical, with conscripted labor, conscripted clerical and technical personnel. Nobody there has the right to strike, to move, or even to resign without the permission of his superiors. No dividends need to be shown, no shareholders to be reckoned with. If the policy of a private company proves to be erroneous, its board has only the resources of the company to fall back upon, while the Board of the Russian Trust has the financial and natural resources of a population of 150,000,000 and of one-sixth of the earth's solid surface, all in one fist.

It was not an empty boast, when the head of the Russian Oil Trust, Mr. Serebrovsky, used the phrase, "I *and* Mr. Rockefeller." Russia, if she elected to do so, could overnight chase the Standard Oil from the world's markets. Of course, the losses connected with such an undertaking would be tremendous. They would most certainly undermine even the financial strength of the Standard Oil. Yet at the same time they would produce only one more ripple on the troubled Russian financial sea. Russia's yearly budget is entirely too large to be upset by losses of several hundreds of millions. This does not indicate that Russia would do such a thing. In fact she wants, and even needs badly, to sell at a profit. Yet more than any one else she can afford to sell at a loss, for she may easily make up those losses somewhere else. When she needed credit and the international usurers demanded of her up to thirty-six per cent discount on her notes, she could afford to sell her goods at twenty per cent below cost and still make a "profit" of six-

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teen per cent. When the appetites of the usurers went down to eighteen per cent and less, she could very well prefer to sell her anthracite to Canada considerably below the cost of production, because she paid her workingmen in paper rubles, while the price she received was in good Canadian dollars. No American private concern can be guided in its commercial activities by such "business considerations." Yet they can not be regarded as unbusinesslike for Russia, when the peculiar Russian conditions are taken into account.

II

You can disregard the desires and needs of a prospective buyer of $1,000 worth of merchandise, but you can not afford to dismiss without attentive study the desires and whims of a prospective customer for several hundred million dollars' worth.

The first thing the Soviets are sure to demand is a long-term credit; and by "credit" they mean a perpetual investment of ever-increasing dimensions. They may repay in one year a credit of, let us say, 200 millions granted them for one year, but they most certainly will come forward with a demand for a "new" credit of 300 millions. Thus the original "small" credit will become a permanent investment steadily increasing in size. It would be only human for the creditor to increase credit to a fellow who pays always strictly on the dot, until . . .

Of course, America has a very wide experience with losses from foreign business. The sums she has hitherto invested—and lost—in this field are incomparably larger than the trifling 200 or 300 millions which are spoken of in the case of Russia. Yet those were either governmental, i.e. nobody's, loans or widely scattered private investments in foreign shares and bonds. Nobody ever went bankrupt because a single foreign bond issue was defaulted. In the case of Russia we have to deal with highly concentrated manufacturer's credits. If any firm should assume the risks involved in such credits it would be ruined unless the credits granted were met strictly on due dates. One can hardly expect any firm to assume such risks.

Therefore it is perhaps worth while to analyze the whole situation from a purely business point of view, putting aside all political considerations: animosity as well as sympathy towards Russia and her extraordinary "experiment."

One thing is clear: that if dealing with Russia is considered a matter of national interest, then the United States government must provide guarantees. Guarantees are certainly preferable to direct credits granted by the government, for they would not strain governmental resources at the present difficult moment. Even if the government's indorsement had to be made good through the default of the debtor, this unpleasant reckoning would not have to be met until some three or five years from now, when the present depression had been forgotten and the government's financial status greatly improved. In the meantime the government would be relieved of the support of those who, now unemployed, would be put to work on orders placed on the strength of such guarantees.

So far, so good. Conditions may arise wherein a government can afford to open hopeless credits and be none the worse for it. In the old days, when government apparatus was still very crude, almost every nation at some time or other entrusted, with great advantage

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to itself, private contractors with such governmental functions as, for instance, the collection of taxes. Why should not the United States government entrust somebody with the task of organizing relief for the unemployed instead of doing it herself? At the present time she has her hands full of every kind of task and worry. But why, precisely, should Russia, and not some American citizen or some collective body of American citizens be given the privilege of acting in such a rôle? Millions of good Americans would be only too willing to organize work for their fellow citizens, now unemployed, if only the government's credit were lavished upon them.

Evidently there must be reasons why the government should prefer Russia to any one else. What can these reasons be? Naturally, the first and best one should be the probability of repayment of the credit granted. Of course, up to now the Soviets have been very strict in paying off their current debts —they are quite right when they feel indignant at having been placed among the defaulting nations under the Johnson resolution. Yet this can not be regarded as sure proof that they will continue to be as strict in the future, or that they will even be able to repay. Laws of economics are working as inexorably in Communist Russia as they are in other countries. Look at the working of the laws governing paper money inflation. Paper money is behaving in Soviet Russia in exactly the same manner as it did in capitalistic monarchies and republics of Western Europe and America. Russians run their industries consistently "in the red." The final result of such policies is known only too well—unavoidable bankruptcy. When this financial bankruptcy comes, will Russia be able to meet her foreign commitments, even if she should be most eager to do so?

Americans are optimists by nature. They are accustomed to doing things in a big way. Should Russian credits prove to be "safe" for a few years, loans are apt to rise quickly to dizzy heights. Therefore potential losses in connection with Russian business are enormous, even if only business considerations are taken into account.

And, remote as it may appear to outside observers, the possibility of a political upheaval in Russia can not be overlooked in granting her large scale credits. Count Witte once jokingly remarked that Russia is a country of limitless possibilities, meaning that you can expect almost anything from Russians. They are fickle. They all are maximalists. Did they not in a relatively short period of time jump from Tsarist autocracy to the utterly anarchistic "freedom" of the Provisional Government and back again—into the grip of the most ruthlessly despotic proletarian dictatorship? Any political party which succeeded the Bolsheviki would most certainly repudiate their foreign commitments. The new Russian government would do its best to demonstrate how much the Bolsheviki spent for foreign propaganda and would declare that if foreign capitalists had been foolish enough to finance the subversive activities of the Comintern, the Russian people could not be held responsible for their folly. Anyway, repudiation would be so profitable that hardly any successor to the Soviet régime would be able to resist the temptation. Therefore, there *is* a purely political risk involved in granting credits to Russia. Ask Lloyd's—they insure against almost anything—if they would underwrite any substantial sum against the possi-

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bility of a new Russian revolution. And the premium they would demand!

III

However, the above considerations do not mean at all that business could not be conducted with present-day Russia—a very profitable business and on a very large scale. The very vastness of Russia as a prospective customer offers the opportunity of doing such business and makes her preferable to any other body of men in the rôle of agent for the United States government to relieve unemployment in America and to liquidate the depression in general.

In order to achieve this goal, business with Russia should be organized in such a way as to insure coincident profits of such magnitude as to make the eventual losses, should Russia repudiate or prove unable to pay her debts, negligible.

Sugar is a case in point. The sugar business in America is in a bad way. Nobody connected with it makes any money. The prices of all other commodities have risen substantially, but the price of sugar is still well below the level which could assure profits to all concerned. The reason for this unpleasant situation lies in the fact that there is in Cuba a surplus of one million tons of sugar. This enormous stock, for which there is no market, demoralizes the whole business. How can a rise of price be achieved as long as there looms the danger of this stock being poured into the market?

Suppose a syndicate were formed, with $100,000,000 capital fully guaranteed by the government, which would sell to Russia a million tons of refined sugar on a seven or even ten years' credit under very liberal conditions. Suppose, further, that removal from the market by one stroke of one million tons of superfluous merchandise caused a rise in the price of sugar of only one cent per pound. The profits to be derived from this rise by sugar beet growers, by sugar refiners, by the holders of Cuban state, railway and sugar securities, by American firms doing business with Cuba (all the Cuban turmoil ruining this business is due primarily to the low price of sugar) would be of such magnitude as to offset any possible losses from non-payment on the part of Russia.

The sale of one or two hundred thousand tons would not rehabilitate the sugar industry. Russia alone is in a position to absorb goods in such quantities as to produce an appreciable rise in price. This very fact makes Russia preferable for the rôle of agent for the government in curing the American market from the effects of overproduction to any other nation or any other prospective buyer who would like to buy with American credit.

As a matter of fact, *only* selling on such a large scale would make Russian business worth while and essentially safe. Any haphazard selling of relatively small amounts of this and that would entail unjustifiable risks and would not materially help America. Any goods thus sold to Russia in small quantities America might just as well distribute free among her nationals. The mere hope that Russia may possibly pay in some remote future (and she may not) is not a sufficient reason for giving away goods which could very well be used by suffering American unemployed. Litvinoff during his visit to America spoke casually of $35,000,000 worth of fats which Russia could find a use for. Are there not enough Ameri-

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cans willing to consume those fats, but who, unfortunately, are not in a position to buy them at the present time?

Any credit to Russia has to be justified by some indirect and very substantial good to America, and that in the immediate present.

IV

Would the Russians agree to such a transaction as the buying at one time of a million tons of sugar? A flat refusal on their part can hardly be expected. The present rulers of Russia are anything but stupid, and they will visualize immediately what generous credits on the part of America may mean to them. Russia at the present time is in the throes of a pronounced currency inflation. As a matter of fact the whole celebrated Five-Year-Plan is nothing but an immense inflation-promotion. The only distinction between it and the customary inflationary hothouse industrial expansion in other countries is that in other countries industrial expansion generally followed the currency inflation created by some other cause (war, revolution, etc.), while Russia, deprived of other financial possibilities of materializing her industrial dreams, resorted to inflation as the easiest, if not the only method at her disposal of financing the industrialization of the country. This shift of cause and effect does not in the least affect the ultimate result: the money in Russia is rapidly depreciating, with the customary results of this calamitous phenomenon.

The price of a pound of sugar even last year was well above five rubles ($2.50 at par). Now it is probably something like ten rubles, in undercover trade. Should the Soviet government acquire the Cuban sugar and offer it to the population in limitless quantity at one ruble fifty kopeks a pound, the people would jump at the possibility of exchanging their worthless paper rubles for a delicacy they have not had the opportunity to enjoy fully for a long time. Russia's pre-War production of sugar was in the neighborhood of two million tons. With the present diminished home production the population would easily absorb an additional million tons. Who could resist the temptation to get something toothsome in exchange for a piece of paper which may amount to nothing in the very near future? Russian passenger traffic has increased by 300 per cent since the War and revolution. Why? Because, first of all, travel is cheap, and, secondly, a trip is some kind of pleasure which *can* be bought with rubles, while many other desirable things are simply not to be had, even at a high price.

The Soviet government would derive from the transaction numerous and very substantial benefits. First of all it would have a definite commercial profit: the ruble's buying capacity has not yet fallen to the level of five cents (the purchase price of refined sugar in America) for one ruble fifty kopeks (the proposed selling price in Russia). Therefore, selling the sugar at such a price, the Soviet government would make a very considerable profit. Secondly, it would extract from circulation 3,500,000,000 rubles, thus greatly enhancing the buying capacity of the remainder. Then all the people with improved rubles in their pockets would feel happier and therefore more reconciled to the régime. The government itself would receive enormous support in the financing of the second Five-Year-Plan in the form of the recuperated buying capacity of the paper ruble.

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Under all these conditions it is nonsense to fear that the Soviet government would refuse to accept American merchandise on a liberal credit basis, even though the merchandise were chosen in consideration of American interest to sell, and not so much in consideration of the Russians' desire to buy.

Of course they may prefer to buy machinery, but they need so much of everything, and, above all, they need so badly to save the ruble from the impending utter depreciation that they would gladly accept anything offered to them, provided that their buying things America is desirous of selling were made conditional on the granting to them credits for things they want to acquire.

Russia has a planned economy. It would be foolhardy in the extreme to try to deal with her in the customary haphazard way, leaving the decisions to be made in the hands of unrelated individual interests. Not only is it true that the present rulers of Russia are shrewd, but they have an inherent strength in their unified planned economy and monopoly of foreign trade.

In order to avoid losses and to derive substantial benefits from dealing with Russia, America must meet her with action just as carefully planned as her own. The whip of credit is in America's hands. Why not make the Russians buy first of all things that America needs to sell, even though they are not exactly what Russia prefers to acquire?

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The National Spare Tire

By Earle D. Ross

We have had enough experience with constitutional amendments now to accomplish the too-long-delayed abolition of vice-presidents

By a unique concurrence of the governmental expert, the practical politician, and the "man in the street," the vice-presidency is the one conspicuous failure of our Federal experiment. It is the one office that has not justified itself in activity and authority. With all the great increase in Federal powers which have added so potently to other executive and administrative positions, this office has been static or even decadent until in Bryce's phrase it is "even more insignificant" than the Constitution intended. The inactive dignity of "his superfluous excellency" has been rarely and decreasingly sought by leaders of the first rank, and the few ambitious and aggressive incumbents have not been able to make anything of it. For Adams, Jefferson and Van Buren the second office was but an interlude in an active career, while for Calhoun it was an unsatisfying consolation prize. Colonel Roosevelt, when brought by fate and the politicians to the office which as youthful critic he had regarded as peculiarly insipid, had no more original plan than that of reading law in his all too numerous spare hours and bade fair to fulfil John Hay's jubilant prediction that he was at last placed where he would be forced to "hold his tongue." And all of General Dawes's efficiency zeal found here no relieving outlet.

That the office—the second in the land—ranks distressingly low in public estimation and interest there is every proof. The vice-presidency, in fact, has become a stock American joke ranking in the humorous columns and "hours" with such perennials as mothers-in-law, boarding-house prunes, erratic skirts and absent-minded professors, and has long outlived the Erie Railroad, Ford car, Uncle Josh and city dude motifs. Nast's representation of a running-mate by a tag on the coat-tail of the head of the ticket is a fair indication of popular interest and respect. In a recent comic burlesque of the national government the vice-president appears throughout as the star buffoon.

The office presents a remarkable, if not unparalleled, anomaly in that, while its particular functions are so negligible, its possibilities are supreme. As the first vice-president somewhat pedantically described himself, "I am possessed of two separate powers; the one in *esse*, and the other in *posse*. I am Vice-President. In this I am nothing, but I may

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be everything"—or in Bryce's concise phrase, he is "*aut nullus aut Caesar.*" There is the further anomaly that this official who is potentially the nation's chief executive is provided by the Constitution, not with executive duties, none of which seemed appropriate or available, but with an ineffective, usually nominal legislative function.

II

The explanation of the futility of this pretentious institution is not in the folly of the original aim but in the development under actual government of unforeseen influences which have prevented the realization of that aim. As every one is aware, one of the most stabilizing foundations of the modern business world has been that of insurance. The vice-presidency was designed as a political insurance policy—an assurance to the extent of two lives of the maintenance of a certain standard of ability and integrity and of the continuity of a given line of policy. How contrary has been the experience!

In addition to inevitable differences of personality and temperament, which the experience with monarchs might have suggested, the founding fathers in this, as in other connections, took no account of the party system, by the practical workings of which the office has involved a direct negation of the insurance function. Rather than representing the deliberate, reasoned second choice of impartial electors, the selection since the rise of the convention system in the 'Thirties has been dictated by motives of the narrowest party expediency. Candidates for the second place have been selected to placate disappointed factions —thus working against clear-cut divisions in party alignments—to appeal to certain groups or States, or to attract campaign funds—not to mention the cases in which the potentially crucial decisions have been determined largely by chance. Sectional balance of the ticket has generally been regarded as desirable, and the next logical step, in line with partisan tactics in committee membership and State and local nominations, is a sex one. Already suggestions of this are being made. In the last campaign a boom for vice-president of at least news-story proportions was started in a Northwestern State for Mrs. Roosevelt Longworth on the plea that her candidacy "would add pep and color to the race," and a speaker at a recent convention of the National Association of Women Lawyers declared that she would "be sadly disappointed if within the next decade a woman is not made at least the vice-president of this great nation." In other words, the vice-presidential has been as unlike the presidential nominee in background, interests and convictions as the expansive bounds of party organization would permit.

Instead of insuring a continuity of policies, a succession under such matings has at times meant a more effective break than would a change of party control. Such strategy has dictated as strange alliances as old-line Whig and constitutional Democrat, free-soiler and slave-holder, free-trader and protectionist, hard money and soft, gold standard and free silver, stalwart and half-breed, progressive and stand-patter. The system has witnessed such a *reductio ad absurdum* by a desperate minority as the organization plan to run David B. Hill with Bryan in 1900, the nomination four years later of an octogenarian millionaire, and after the fight to the death in the convention of 1924,

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the combination of a corporation lawyer with an agrarian.

These tactics, to cite but a few instances, wrecked the Whig programme in the 'Forties, intensified the abuses and bitterness of reconstruction, and threatened financial disaster in 1893 during the critical illness of President Cleveland.

From the viewpoint of immediate party advantage the office has been of doubtful utility, for at least as many second-place candidates have proven liabilities and handicaps as those who have been special assets—as witness three of the Johnsons (Richard, Andrew and Hiram), Frank Blair, Gratz Brown, John A. Logan, Whitelaw Reid, Arthur Sewall and possibly Charles W. Fairbanks whom Lodge considered the most available choice "under not very good conditions."

III

In view of the great potentialities of the office, there have been continued proposals and definite efforts to provide activities that would enhance its power and prestige and thus attract men of first-rate calibre, committed to the administration programme, who would thus fulfil the original assurance aim. The matured possibilities of Federal authority were not realized and the definitive adjustment of powers between the executive and legislative branches made until the modern period of socialization and centralization; and there has been until recent times the lingering hope that something really useful might be found for the ornamental figurehead.

The most natural and apposite employment would be as a presidential adviser, by which he might keep in close touch with administrative policies and by observation and practice acquire experience in statecraft. Washington regarded Adams as a regular adviser and at times invited him to meetings of the inchoate cabinet, but a precedent was not established. Vice-President Jefferson viewed his office as constitutionally limited to legislative functions, and that is the view that has generally prevailed. The relations of Jackson and Van Buren, Polk and Dallas, and McKinley and Hobart were unusually intimate but did not lead in any of these cases to membership in the cabinet. Bryan in 1908 provoked a passing discussion of the matter by his proposal to give his running-mate a regular place at the council table, but the proposal from a defeated candidate could have but an academic interest. Wilson's request to the vice-president to conduct cabinet meetings during his absence abroad was so unusual, controlled and restricted as to have no permanent significance for the office. Finally President Harding, in consonance perhaps with his policy of leaning heavily upon advisers, formally invited his associate to cabinet meetings, and the practice has been renewed by the present Administration. The experiment has failed either to strengthen the Administration or to enhance the standing of the second office. With no department at its back, no patronage to dispense, the chair at the foot of the table can command hardly more than polite tolerance; and for the chief executive to share in any real way his function of policy determination would mean an inevitable weakening of the executive influence, both in the government and in the party.

Proposals to give the potential chief executive effective legislative powers are still more chimerical and inconsistent. It is perhaps not surprising that

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an impatient young enthusiast like Theodore Roosevelt in 1896 should have advocated seriously that this seeming drone in the governmental hive should, in addition to regular membership in the cabinet, be given full rights of voting and debating in the upper house. But it is rather inconceivable that Senator Beveridge, in view of the acute sensitiveness of his chamber for its prerogatives, should have suggested that the appointment of committees be surrendered to a representative of the executive branch. With formal connection with both branches, the office has found no necessary service in either.

Thus, neither real executive nor legislator, the vice-president, as the latest one has recently admitted, remains "a figure of slight importance"—our governmental "fifth wheel," as Beveridge termed the office a quarter of a century ago, or in Mr. Garner's more up-to-date phrase, "the spare tire on the national automobile." The chief attractions, according to the same authority, are the wholly negative ones of lack of responsibility for governmental polices and freedom from the worries of patronage disposal. The social opportunities, welcomed by most incumbents, have been eschewed by the present one.

IV

But the office is not merely superfluous in *esse;* the ever-present possibility of succession, in these times of the extended and exalted powers of the president, involves a menace of intensified significance to the realization of the popular will as expressed in the presidential election. Hence the only effective treatment for this vestigial organ in the body politic would seem to be removal, provided the constitutional purpose can be fulfilled adequately through some other agency. The early provision for secondary succession by the presiding officers of the two houses was open to the objections of too great a likelihood of a change of party control, and of legislative domination. The one case in which such a succession appeared imminent, in the threatened removal of President Johnson, gave point to the latter objection.

The present system of cabinet succession is not subject to either of these dangers, and is calculated to provide the maximum assurance of continuity of standards and policies. The official of all others who should be closest to the president and whose choice reflects so surely the attitude of the chief executive is that of secretary of state. It would certainly be a reflection upon the political sagacity of any administration, as it would be a direct invitation to failure, to have in this key position a leader not in fullest sympathy and understanding with the head of the government and of the party. The direct functions of this department—which have long made the name obsolete—from the beginning have been among the most important, and the list of the heads includes the most distinguished, if not the ablest leaders of their periods. The much-denounced "secretarial succession" before 1828, as the practice of nominating secretaries of state for the presidency was termed by critics, brought a line of remarkably distinguished and capable executives; and the abuses in party manipulation of this period were not due to this basis of selection. For the immediate future it is evident that the most far-reaching policies and crucial decisions will lie in this field. Aside from matters of more strictly diplomatic intercourse, the negotiation of commercial treaties—in spite of all

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trends toward "economic nationalism" —will perhaps have a determining influence upon our industrial future. By the circumstances of his selection, his party standing and his diplomatic and general administrative experience, no one should be in a better position to understand and if necessary carry on the party programme. Next to the head of foreign affairs, in dignity and actual power, is the head of the Treasury Department, whose standing, ability, and experience would provide a further assurance of competence and stability.

The objection that the direct succession should be in an official popularly chosen is but another confusion of the form with the substance of political determination. Under the actual operation of the party system popular opinion has little, if anything to do with the selection of vice-presidential candidates, while a president may and should be held directly responsible for the selection of his chief, and especially his closest, advisers. If the change advocated had the effect of keeping the standard of cabinet selections up to the highest traditions, ample justification would be provided.

Admitting the desirability of abolishing an office that has not only failed to fulfil the purpose for which it was created but involves an ever-present danger of incompetent and unrepresentative leadership, there arises the obstacle of customary inertia against the removal of long-standing obsolete institutions, and the supposed special difficulty of effecting governmental reorganization by constitutional amendment. Beveridge in 1909 was convinced that cabinet succession was greatly to be preferred but felt that the adoption of an amendment was wholly in the realm of the unattainable. And until a few years later there was a general conviction that the organic law was impregnable to formal change under normal conditions. In the fall of 1913 Clarence Darrow, with characteristic hyperbole, told a forum audience at Madison, Wisconsin, that it was as easy to amend the Constitution as to take down by hand the State capitol and carry it on foot to Chicago. But unfortunately for his line of argument, the picturesque figure which would have met with sympathetic response in the past was already becoming out of date, with two amendments proclaimed that very year. Intercommunication, along with other unifying influences, has created at last a national public opinion which can be appealed to effectively, both for the special ends of pressure groups and for the attainment of constructive political and social changes. The tempo of constitutional development, like that of every other aspect of our life, is being tremendously accelerated.

One aspect of this constitutional alteration involves a modernizing and systematizing of the organization, institutions and practices of government. The lame duck sessions are no more, the "interregnum" between administrations has been shortened and amendments were introduced in both houses of the last session for doing away with the electoral college. The next logical and imperative step in this reorganization programme is the formal abolition of this office of contingency which, failing to develop in itself useful functions, has merely negative attractiveness and hence constitutes a risk of ever-increasing proportions.

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THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by
HERSCHEL BRICKELL

TWO OF the outstanding books of the early 1935 season are concerned with the World War and it will be interesting to see what happens to their brave publishers as a result of their defiance of an accepted tabu. Perhaps as a result of what appears at the moment to be an easing of the tension in Europe and the East we may be willing to resume our education in what modern warfare means, abandoned a year or two ago because the public suddenly decided it "didn't care to hear any more about the War."

It is difficult to believe that up to now we have really understood the meaning of war, since we have in the last few years spent a great deal of time and billions of dollars getting ready for more of the same, only much worse because of the forward march of science and invention since 1918. Unless, of course, the world is really quite mad, as a good many observers have suspected, the Landscaper among them. Certainly it would be far easier to take the affirmative in any argument on the subject.

One of the two books is a novel which might be well used in the argument, including its title. This is John Brophy's *The World Went Mad* (Macmillan, $2.50), a panoramic study of what happened to a number of individuals during the War years. There are something like forty characters in the book and the scene shifts from England and France to Egypt, Palestine, and even to the United States. There is a connecting story which binds tightly enough together the different episodes. The book also cuts across several strata of society and the author has, with a striking objectivity, conveyed his lesson, which is that war is just as dangerous and hurtful to the mind and spirit as it is to the body, and that non-combatants are in no sense immune from damage.

In other words, Mr. Brophy's book is not in the somewhat familiar horror pattern; it has humor and balance. It is also essentially ironical and while it is written with sympathy, there can be very little doubt of the author's scorn for a race that can think of no better way of settling its quarrels than that of taking the youngest and finest of its members and blowing them to bits in a thousand assorted ways.

The novel does not hold up quite to the end, as its two concluding chapters are hardly up to the rest, although they score because of their bitterly ironical flavor. It is an exceptionally well done novel in which the characterization par-

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ticularly is of a high quality, and regardless of its subject matter is easily one of the most distinguished pieces of fiction of the young year.

An Aviator's Story

The other volume mentioned is Norman Archibald's *Heaven High-Hell Deep:1917–1918* (Albert and Charles Boni, $2.50), which is the simple straightforward personal narrative of a normal young American who was completely fascinated by the aviation arm before we entered the War. So when we did finally get in, he lost no time in joining the aviation corps. He quite frankly liked the prospects of fighting in the air and galloped through with his training with as much haste as possible, learning to fly a Nieuport at Issoudun, which was in itself an adventure.

With his buddy Beauchamp he finished his course and was sent up to join the First Pursuit Squadron, in which were several ex-Lafayette Escadrille flyers. He saw service at the front, all kinds of service, and took part in a number of thrilling battles; he met tragedy there, too, in the death of his friend Beauchamp. Then one day a shrapnel burst caught the Spad he was using as a pursuit plane and brought it down a wreck behind the German lines.

He was only slightly injured and survived to taste life in several German prison camps, in one of which he remained until the Armistice. After he is captured the tone of the book changes and we know what "Hell Deep" means in the title; it is not only that Archibald himself suffered as a prisoner, but that he is able to make us see so clearly what happened to a lot of other first-rate human material. There is no indication in the book of how he feels on the subject of pacifism, but he has done one sketch of a British aviator whose face is so ruined that not even the hardiest men can look at him, which is as powerful a sermon against war as you will find anywhere.

The especial appeal of the book lies in the fact that it is a normal man's reaction to war, untinged by even a suspicion of a neurosis; it is also movingly and powerfully written because there is not much striving for effect. The Landscaper has read most of the important books about the War, and is sure the Archibald volume deserves to stand well up toward the top of the list, a really remarkable document, and a book that may be read for its sheer excitement or for the intelligent information about flying that is in it, or because it gives without exaggeration the terrible side of the most romantic and gallant aspect of present-day conflict, war in the air.

Mr. Wilder Goes Native

Of the year's first offerings of fiction, none was more eagerly awaited than Thornton Wilder's *Heaven's My Destination* (Harpers, $2.50), both because it was Mr. Wilder's first novel in four years, or since *The Woman of Andros*, and because it was his first American novel. It is not the sort of book that any one expected from Mr. Wilder's charming Eighteenth Century pen, which may help to explain the puzzlement of the many people who have commented upon it.

In simple outline, it is the story of a "good" young American, a lad whose mind is completely closed and who is a sort of itinerant Y.M.C.A. secretary, although he is really a textbook salesman. Mr. Wilder has said that he did not mean the picture to be satirical, but his George Brush, while close enough to

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the flesh to be recognizable, seems too good to be true and therefore the element of satire appears to be unescapable.

George makes a general nuisance of himself at any rate, and even insists upon marrying a girl he has "seduced" at a farmer's house, although she doesn't want to marry him and is bored to death—as who can blame her?—by the thought of having to live with such a paragon. As satire the book seems to the Landscaper moderately successful, no more than that, and one of its gravest defects is that it lacks the feeling of first-hand knowledge and observation; it seems more than a little second-hand, as if the author had stuck too closely within academic walls to do this sort of thing as it should be done.

Some reviewers found it hilariously funny, but its humor did not strike the Landscaper as anything else except mildly amusing. The book has none of the stylistic virtues of the early exotic novels, which if it were better would really be a recommendation as it would indicate that Mr. Wilder meant to get more blood and bones into his writing. Perhaps that is what he means to do, and perhaps he will be successful—at least William Lyon Phelps says he is a genius. But *Heaven's My Destination*, in the Landscaper's judgment, is not of any particular importance.

Other Disappointments

There have been, it may as well be said now, several disappointments of this kind since the turn of the year. There is, for example, Phil Stong's *Week End* (Harcourt, Brace, $2), in which an Iowa novelist turns to his adopted state of Connecticut for the scene of a sophisticated and skilfully executed short novel, cut according to a familiar pattern. It is just a little too slick to be really good, and this despite its humor; the characters never seem to matter very much, and certainly the book has none of the fine earthy American flavor of Mr. Stong's *State Fair*. You will go a long way before you find a better-made piece of fiction than *Week End*, however, and if Mr. Stong is going after the magazine market, he's there already, with a Rolls-Royce around the corner.

Then there is A. G. MacDonald's *How Like an Angel* (Macmillan, $2.50), a satire by the author of the delicious *England, Their England*, which certainly has its amusing points, but which is much less good than the first novel of a brilliant young Scot. The new book deals with the life history of a lad brought up on a South Sea Island by three missionary foster-fathers. He eventually finds himself amid "civilization," where he is taken for a famous movie star and carried to London for a triumphal visit of the woman he is supposed to be married to, another bright light of the cinema. Mr. MacDonald gets in a good many hits in his book, which is often highly entertaining, but, as William McFee said of it, the main weakness lies in the fact that its author is not familiar enough with his material. Also it strikes the Landscaper that satire aimed at the movies misses because the movies themselves and the people in them are self-satirizing. The MacDonald book is not by any means bad, but it is just not so good as some of us hoped it would be after we had read *England, Their England*.

A Poet's First Novel

Then there is Mark Van Doren's *The Transients* (Morrow) which is the first novel of a fine poet and a most intelligent editor and lecturer on litera-

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ture, which disappointed the Landscaper because its interesting philosophical idea did not seem to be worked out into anything recognizable as approaching acceptable fiction. The style has great beauty in its crystalline simplicity, but the story is not as substantial as it would need to be to appeal to more than a few readers. The theme of the book is the sudden appearance on earth of two perfect beings, a man and a woman. They are naturally very upsetting to mortals, but they finally go off together. There are many subtle overtones and the whole performance is admirable, but most people will be frankly puzzled by what it is all about. Some one wisely said that it was an idea that should have been made into a poem rather than into a novel.

As for the kind of novels which may be recommended with fewer reservations than these just mentioned, there is Pearl Buck's *A House Divided* (John Day-Reynal and Hitchcock, $2.50), which brings to a close the trilogy that started with *The Good Earth* and was continued with *Sons*. The present book is different from the others because it is about the present, a good part of it being laid in this country, but the solid and impressive virtues of the earlier volumes are here in good measure also.

The central figure of *A House Divided* is Yuan, who is the son of Wang the Tiger of *Sons* and the grandson, therefore, of Wang Lung of *The Good Earth*. Yuan is the New China, a lad filled with intellectual doubts who has a very difficult time finding himself. Among his American adventures—he is in this country being educated—is a love affair with an American girl, which gives him a good shaking up and opens his eyes at the same time. He finally goes back to China to do his share of bearing his country's burdens.

Among a number of unusually interesting features of the book is Yuan's comments upon Occidental civilization as seen from the point of view of a Chinese student. On the whole the book has an obvious immediacy that was lacking from its predecessors, which enjoyed a sort of romantic charm, but it is a fine novel and should be popular.

Small Town Stuff

A straight-out American novel which may not quite succeed in establishing its author's thesis, that in this country men are completely at the mercy of women, who really would prefer to be dominated, but which at any rate tells a good story in our own language, is Fulton Oursler's *Joshua Todd* (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50). It is the tale of a small-town—Eastern Shore of Maryland—newspaper man who marries a nitwit and works like a dog for her and then falls in with a pretty and intelligent woman who takes up the task of running him where Wife Number 1 left off. Joshua himself is well done, but there are a number of minor characters who are admirably brought to life, and the whole book has a lusty vigor that is lacking from most contemporary fiction. This is at least a readable and entertaining piece of work, although the Landscaper closed it feeling that Joshua's life had actually been far less controlled by women than Mr. Oursler seemed to think.

One of the longer novels of recent weeks is *Via Mala* by John Knittel (Stokes, $2.50), a book that has been very popular in England, and which was well enough received here upon its publication to make it certain of some measure of popularity. It is a carefully

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detailed story of the murder of a father of a family, which seems entirely justified, and which is a study in morbid psychology that leaves a deep impression. The book seems somewhat overwritten, as do the majority of long novels of the present, but it is a good job and will repay those who are searching for new serious fiction.

A Hospital Story

A novel by an author whose work has the appealing element of reliability is Helen Ashton's *Hornet's Nest* (Macmillan, $2.50), which is the story of what happened in a small English town after an emergency operation for appendicitis on one of the women characters. There are three doctors of widely varying types involved, and Miss Ashton is unflinchingly truthful in laying bare the harm that small town malice can do to human lives. A good part of the action is laid in a hospital and these scenes are especially well done. Miss Ashton's *Dr. Serocold* will be remembered, and the new novel pleased the Landscaper a good deal more than its well known predecessor.

Other recent novels of greater or less importance include Bessie Breuer's tense study of a man in pursuit of a woman, *Memory of Love* (Simon and Schuster, $2), a brilliantly done book, mainly about a detestable and unimportant male; Annulet Andrews's *Melissa Starke* (Dutton), an old-fashioned and faultily done story of Georgia just after the Civil War with its charming spots, but very spotty; Anthony Thorne's *Delay in the Sun* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), a light and pleasant novel laid in the north of Spain which concerns itself with the mix-ups in the affairs of a group of stranded English people; and Thorne Smith's *The Glorious Pool* (Doubleday, Doran, $2), the last novel of a bawdy humorist, which lives up to the best or the worst of his other books, a wildly cracked story about a fountain of youth, a bloodhound that couldn't smell and a joy ride on a hook-and-ladder. Mr. Smith, it may be remembered, died only a few months ago.

Good Foreign Novels

Two foreign novels that really deserve more space than is at the Landscaper's disposal are Ricardo Guiraldes's *Don Segundo Sombra: Shadows on the Pampas* (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50), translated by Harriet de Onis and with an introduction by Waldo Frank, a fine story of the Argentine cattle country by a writer now dead; and *Land of Promise* by Leo Lama (Macmillan, $2.50), another tale of the suffering that has been caused to individuals by the anti-Semitic policies of the National Socialists in Germany. The central theme is a love affair between a Jewish girl and a German boy and the book emphasizes the tragedy to youth of having to live under dictatorships.

Of books about the problems that vex the world in our time, one of the most interesting and pessimistic is *The American Diplomatic Game* by Drew Pearson and Constantine Brown (Doubleday, Doran, $4), which is really an irreverent and cynical and realistic history of peace and disarmament moves from the time of the signing of the Kellogg Pact to the present resumption of the naval race and of the arming of all important countries for what each seems to think an inevitable conflict.

Messrs. Pearson and Brown tell the back-stage story of conferences that were meant to bring about disarma-

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ment, but which actually effected nothing; of the petty jealousies and human weaknesses that make it impossible for even the best diplomats to get very far with their plans for making the world a more comfortable and pleasant place in which to live.

From the opening chapters, in which it is explained that Kellogg was more or less forced to sponsor the Pact, which won him the Nobel Prize, to the last gloomy prophecies of another World War, Messrs. Brown and Pearson are realists; they write history as it should be written, from the inside, that is.

Are We on Our Way?

If, after absorbing this large dose of gloom, you feel that you must have a pick-up, something that will make you feel, Well, maybe instead of being in the brink of disaster we are on the edge of a New Era, the Landscaper advises Harold Foster's *The Inevitable World Recovery* (Doubleday, Doran, $2). Mr. Foster is an English woolen manufacturer who has worked out a fascinatingly simple scheme which explains depressions perfectly—almost too perfectly—and his prediction is that the cycle which began in 1914 and ended about 1934 is about to repeat itself and that as a result the world will soon be so prosperous people just won't know what to do with their money.

Mr. Foster makes it all sound logically convincing, but there are some of us who will always be skeptical of New Eras because they represent pretty dreams that result from wishful thinking and do not check, unhappily, with the facts of history.

However, it sounds well except in one or two places; for example, Mr. Foster says that if we do not resume our lending to foreign countries, after a bit England will take the place of the creditor nation of the world away from us. Threat or promise?

The Landscaper is no economist, but why should we lend foreign nations more of our billions to buy our goods and give us another insane boom and another and even more severe depression at the end of it? Let the English have the honor of lending money they never even hope to get back.

Down with the Future!

Then there is Roy Helton, a poet and novelist, who, applying his mind to the suffering of the world, decides that the thing that is really wrong with us is our worship of the future. His book is called *Sold Out to the Future* (Harpers, $2.50), and it has a lot of good stuff in it, although the logic of Mr. Helton's position is not always as clear as it might be. Probably he takes in too much territory; it might have been better if he had just advised people to enjoy each minute as much as possible and to hell with tomorrow so far as trying to live in and for it before it arrived. Anyway, it is a well written and refreshing book, although a number of reviewers have succeeded in finding flaws in its reasoning.

A clear restatement of the liberal position with respect to such forms of government as Communism is to be found in a small book by Joseph Wood Krutch called *Was Europe a Success?* (Farrar and Rinehart, $1), the material having first appeared in part in *The Nation*. Mr. Krutch calls himself an Old Pagan, believes that European Man in general was a better fellow than he has been represented by some of his enemies, and can see no gains at all from the acceptance of the Marxian philosophy. The Landscaper lines up whole-

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heartedly with Mr. Krutch, and the fact that there is no class of people looked upon with such hatred and scorn by the Marxists as the liberals gives your commentator no feeling of uneasiness or embarrassment. Mr. Krutch has contributed an interesting and well done pamphlet to one of the raging controversies of the day and it is well worth reading.

As a footnote, another recent book ought to be useful. It is Mary Britnieva's *One Woman's Story* (Alfred King, $2.50), which explains what happened to a Russian doctor who married a half-English wife, the author, when he fell under the displeasure of the famous OGPU, the Soviet secret police, who help to make present-day Russia such a charming and civilized country. Like the Tchernavins in *Escape from the Soviets*, Madame Britnieva and her husband were not actively opposed to the new régime in Russia; they wanted no more than to be allowed to work and live in peace. The upshot was that Dr. Britniev was taken out and shot, probably without a trial of any sort, and with no more charges than a suspicion of espionage.

Our Own Troubles

Concerning our domestic problems, we have both sides of the case in Rexford Guy Tugwell's *The Battle for Democracy* (Columbia University Press, $2.50), a collection of addresses and occasional pieces, and *What of Tomorrow?* by Ogden L. Mills (Macmillan, $2), in which Mr. Mills wonders what we are going to do about all this enormous debt that is piling up and also explains that he and Mr. Hoover set in motion much of the so-called Recovery Machinery that is now generally accepted as belonging entirely to the New Deal. Mr. Tugwell explains that he is neither a Fascist nor a Communist, and that he believes in experimenting and never mind the cost; Mr. Mills believes in the balanced budget. Mr. Tugwell's song is far sweeter, of course, and there is a good deal of an evangelistic air about his book. Mr. Mills's book will make the sad Republicans sadder and more fearful and probably nobody else will read it. Mr. Tugwell is pleasant and plausible, but not very deep or very careful to look at both sides, and in this respect, at least, he bears more than a little resemblance to the master politician who now sits in the White House.

Since one of the most discussed plans for getting us out of the depression—granting for the moment that we are still in it and are not really well on our way to bigger and better things—is the building of suitable dwelling places for our population, it is worth while to mention an excellent book in this field, Catherine Bauer's *Modern Housing* (Houghton Mifflin, $5), which has a world of illustrations from many countries, and which is full of good sense and practical ideas. Certainly we can profit by much that has been done in Holland and the Scandinavian countries, and by what was being done in Austria and Germany before the present chaos began in the two countries. There is no doubt at all of the tremendous possibilities of a nation-wide housing programme.

The Landscaper speaks with some authority on this subject, as he recently bought a fairly new house in the country and has been busy for several weeks finding out how much had to be done to it before it could be brought up to the standard of even somewhat antiquated New York apartments.

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Another book of prime interest to Americans is George E. Sokolsky's *Labor's Fight for Power* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), which covers the recent history of the American labor movement in this country under the N.R.A., and which is important for the light it casts upon the developments of the near future.

The Nazi Story

A look at serious books on important foreign topics reveals as one of the most important a fully detailed study of the situation in Germany called *A History of National Socialism*, by Konrad Heiden (Knopf, $4.50), which tells the whole story of the rise and the accomplishments of the Nazis. The final chapter covering the developments of 1934 was especially written for the American edition of the book. This is a book of permanent historical value, as well as a readable account of how Hitler came to power and of how he has managed his lofty position.

Of the remaining volumes that fall into the miscellaneous class, one the Landscaper would like particularly to recommend is Charles O'Connell's *The Victor Book of the Symphony* (Simon and Schuster, $3.50), an unusually intelligent book about music in which Mr. O'Connell has analyzed the symphony and concerto forms, explained the instruments in a modern orchestra, given biographical sketches of many composers and explained their principal works. Writing about music is a dangerous occupation, but Mr. O'Connell has dodged the pitfalls, and his book ought to be of real use to music lovers, especially to the vast radio audiences that are now being educated to the best.

Others of the recent books include Edward Corsi's *In the Shadow of Liberty* (Macmillan, $3.50), in which we are told the history of the rise and fall of immigration in this generation by an immigrant who became Commissioner of Immigration; J. Leslie Mitchell's *The Conquest of the Maya* (Dutton, $3), a fine study of the Maya problem by a famous young archeologist; Dorothy Mills's *The Middle Ages* (Putnam, $2.50), a simple and very readable account of life in a period that persists in being misunderstood, in which there is much of direct applicability to our modern problems; George Jean Nathan's *Passing Judgments* (Knopf, $2.50), an amusing collection of pieces mostly about the theatre and filled with excellent debunking; and Edmond Fleg's *Jesus* (Dutton, $3), a biography of a Jew by a Jew, which is filled with reverence and admiration.

Mexico and the Sea

Also for those who enjoy getting away from the every-day routine of life, there is Larry Barretto's admirably simple and unpretentious *Bright Mexico* (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50), which records in excellent prose the impressions made upon an intelligent tourist by a brief stay in our neighboring republic. There are charmingly simple black and white drawings by Mr. Barretto's wife, Ann, and the whole of the small book makes a strong appeal. Also it will "sell" Mexico to practically all the people who read it and thus hasten the ruin of another attractive place. Perhaps, though, "ruin" is too strong a word, particularly for Spanish countries; they can be spoiled for a little while during the fad, but the Landscaper's guess is that the change is only superficial and that once forgotten by the tourists, they will resume their pristine state.

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And Alan Villiers has done another delightful book about the sea in *Last of the Windships* (Morrow, $4), which has dozens of magnificent photographs of the sailing vessels left in the world today and a very fine and honestly sentimental introduction. Captain Villiers is at present on a round-the-world voyage in his square-rigger *Joseph Conrad*, one of the last ships left afloat that carry this beautiful rig.

French Democracy

An unusually intelligent and well informed book on French politics of recent months is Alexander Werth's *France in Ferment* (Harpers, $3), which reviews the situation leading up to the famous riots of February, 1934, and speculates upon the future of parliamentary government in one of the last three remaining democracies of the first order.

The whole effort to untangle the intricacies of a political set-up that Americans, used to the simple two-party system, are too likely to give up trying to comprehend, is admirable.

The Landscaper was curious to know what Mr. Werth had to say about the Next War, which all the prophets insist is approaching, but which does not seem quite so imminent as this is being written as it did six months ago, although Japan's 1935 programme seems to be proceeding exactly according to forecast.

He says the French insist that it will be at least two years before the war starts, so we are welcome to that small consolation.

Ten distinguished women discuss the whole war question in *Why Wars Must Cease* (Macmillan, $1), a small book published under the auspices of the National Committee on the Cause and Cure of War, and the only complaint the Landscaper has to make is that the book is far too logical and reasonable.

The reasons why wars must cease are completely convincing, and the figures appalling, such as the statement that all great nations are at present devoting between eighty and ninety per cent of their incomes to paying for past wars or preparing for future ones.

And however skeptical we may be of reason's part in controlling human affairs, there is every reason why the arguments should be presented as often and as well as possible. Dorothy Canfield Fisher's summing up of the arguments in the present volume is particularly fine.

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